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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

King RICHARD II.
King HENRY IV. *Part* I.
King HENRY IV. *Part* II.
King HENRY V.
King HENRY VI. *Part* I.

LONDON:

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THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

RICHARD

THE

SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkley.
Buſhy,
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green,
Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Bolingbroke.
Roſs,
Willoughby,
Biſhop of Carliſle, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Sir Stephen Scroop,
Fitzwater,
Surry,
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton,

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of* England.

THE

(1) The LIFE and DEATH of KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the COURT.*

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

LD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,

(1) *The* Life *and* Death *of King* Richard II.] But this Hiſtory comprizes little more than the Two laſt Years of this unfortunate Prince. The Action of the Drama begins with *Bolingbroke*'s appealing the Duke of *Norfolk*, on an Accuſation of high Treaſon, which fell out in the Year 1398; and it cloſes with the Murder of King *Richard* at *Pomfret*-Caſtle towards the End of the Year 1400, or the Beginning of the enſuing Year.

Here to make good the boiſt'rous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no invet'rate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, Our ſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomach'd are they Both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your Crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Boling. Firſt (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a Subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I Appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my Greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the Sky,

The

The uglier ſeem the Clouds, that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traytor's Name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move,
What my Tongue ſpeaks, my Right-drawn Sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair Rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of Treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's Royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſland'rous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground unhabitable, (2)
Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's Royalty:

(2) *Or any other Ground* inhabitable.] I don't know that this Word, (like the *French* Term, *inhabitable*,) will admit the two different Acceptations of a Place *to be dwelt in*, and *not to be dwelt in*: (or that it may be taken in the latter Senſe, as *inhabitabilis* (among the *Latines*) ſignifies *uninhabitable*; tho' *inhabitare* ſignifies only to *inhabit*:) and therefore I have ventur'd to read,

Or any other Ground unhabitable.

(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except:)
If guilty Dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine Honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of Ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battel prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge,
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye;
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life to make all This good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel*'s, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious Worth of my Deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb.

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this Slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's son;
Now by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburst I to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign Liege was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen:
Now, swallow down that Lie.—For *Glouceſter*'s death,
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degen'rate traitor:
Which in my self I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove my self a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our tryal-day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.
K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mowb. My ſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair Name,
(Deſpight of death, That lives upon my Grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon
K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation; That away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In That I live, and for That will I die.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd Daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, ev'n in *Mowbray*'s face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert*'s day.
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at Arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Duke of* Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. ALas! the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood
Doth more ſollicit me, than your Exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;

Or

Or sev'n fair branches, springing from one root:
Some of those sev'n are dry'd by Nature's Course;
Some of those branches by the Dest'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ster*,
(One vial, full of *Edward*'s sacred blood;
One flourishing branch of his most royal root;)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe!
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death;
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life;
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair.
In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardise in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to 'venge my *Glo'ster*'s death.

Gaunt. God's is the Quarrel; for God's Substitute,
His Deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his Minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's Champion and Defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will: farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel.
Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford*'s spear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be *Mowbray*'s sins so heavy in his bosom,

That

That they may break his foaming Courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*
farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion Grief muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry.*
As much Good ſtay with thee, as go with me!
Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York:*
Lo, this is all —— nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him —— oh, what;
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untroden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, —— let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt Leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Liſts, at* Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marſhal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfork*, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the Champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*

The

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are ſet, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms, Defendant.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou art? [*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms!
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding Iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my ſelf,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The trumpets ſound. Enter Bolingbroke, *Appellant, in armour.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, ask yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally, according to our Law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King *Richard*, in his royal Liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy Quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heav'n!

Boling. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,

In

In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshal, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my Sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave,
And loving Farewel, of our several friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
[*To* K. Rich.
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy Cause is right,
So be thy Fortune in this royal fight
Farewel, my Blood; which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s spear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Cousin, lord *Aumerle*.
Not sick, although I have to do with Death;
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing Breath.——
Lo, as at *English* Feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy Blessings steel my Lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen Coat,
And furbish new the name of *John* o' *Gaunt*

Ev'n

Ev'n in the lusty 'haviour of his son.
Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cause make thee prospe-
rous!
Be swift like Lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.
Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to
thrive!
Mowb. However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s Throne,
A loyal, just and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This Feast of battel, with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewel, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the tryal, Marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford, Lancaster* and *Derby,*
Receive thy Lance; and heav'n defend thy Right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this Lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1. *Her. Harry* of *Hereford, Lancaster* and *Derby,*
Stands here for God, his Sovereign and Himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2. *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray,* Duke of
Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford, Lancaster* and *Derby,*

To

To God, his Sovereign, and to him, disloyal:
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the Signal to begin, [*A Charge sounded.*
Mar. Sound, Trumpets; and set forward, Combatants.
——But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
And Both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flourish; after which, the King speaks to the Combatants.*
Draw near; ——
And list, what with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath fostered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;
And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating Envy set you on,
To wake our Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
(Which thus rouz'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful Bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:)
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair Dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of Banishment.
Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That Sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Banishment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.

The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my most sovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years.
My native *English*, now I must forgo;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or, like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly port-cullis'd with my Teeth and Lips:
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a Pupil now:
What is thy Sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our Sentence, Plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal Sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n,
(Our part therein we banish with your selves,)
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, (so help you truth, and heav'n!)
Embrace each other's love in Banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,

'Gainst

'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Boling. I ſwear.
Mowb. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy :——
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this Realm ;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.
Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke* ; if ever I were traitor,
My Name be blotted from the Book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence !
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege ; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart, thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away ; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with Welcome home from Baniſhment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs,
End in a word ; ſuch is the Breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile :
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby ;
For ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night :
My inch of taper will be burnt and done :
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.
K. Rich. Why, uncle ? thou haſt many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give ;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,

But

But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?
Gaunt. Things, ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his Fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the Sentence my own life deſtroy'd.
K. Rich. Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exit.*
Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no Greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a Travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet

The

The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make (3)
Will but remember me, what a deal of World
I wander from the Jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long Apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages, and in the End
Having my Freedom, boaſt of Nothing elſe
But that I was a Journeyman to Grief?
Gaunt. All Places, that the Eye of Heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh Thee;
But Thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives It is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring Peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagin it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs Pow'r to bite
The Man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,

(3) Boling. *Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious Stride I make*] This, and the ſix Verſes which follow, I have ventur'd to ſupply from the old *Quarto*. The Alluſion, 'tis true, to an *Apprentice-ſhip*, and becoming a *Journeyman*, is not in the ſublime Taſte, nor, as *Horace* has expreſs'd it, *ſpirat Tragicum ſatis*: however as there is no Doubt of the Paſſage being genuine, the Lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt.

By

By thinking on fantaſtick Summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;

Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, *England*'s Ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil, adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court.*

Enter King Richard, *and* Buſhy, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. Rich. WE did, indeed, obſerve —— Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bittrly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheume; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow Parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid your couſin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel.——
And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, That taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;

But,

But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our kinsman, Cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from Banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our self, and *Bushy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Observ'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesie;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to banish their Affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well!
And had the tribute of his supple knee;
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our Subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.——
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient Manage must be made, my Liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will our self in person to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a Court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand; if they come short,
Our Substitutes at home shall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
T' intreat

T' intreat your Majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lyes he?
Bushy. At *Ely-house.*
K. Rich. Now put it, heav'n, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these *Irish* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heav'n, we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *ELY-HOUSE.*

Gaunt *brought in, sick: with the Duke of* York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth?
York. Vex not your self, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. Oh, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they, whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are mens ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting Sun,——and musick in the close.——
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
Though *Richard* my life's counsel would not hear,

My

My death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his State; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh, Nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.
Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inſpir'd,
And, thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhowr's laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate Cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon it ſelf.
This royal Throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This Earth of Majeſty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy Breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in a ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier Lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the wrold's Ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s Son;

This Land of such dear souls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I dye, pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege,
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of it self.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Rose, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster?*
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged *Gaunt?*
Gaunt. Oh, how that Name befits my composition!
Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping *England* long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock it self:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st, thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dyest, though I sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I see thee ill;
Ill in my self, but seeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the Land,
Wherein thou liest in Reputation sick;
And thou, too careless Patient as thou art,
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians, that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatt'rers sit within thy Crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet engaged in so small a verge,
Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy Land.
Oh, had thy Grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest;
Who art possess'd now, to depose thy self.
Why, Cousin, wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And Thou ——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now by my Seat's right-royal Majesty,
Wert thou not brother to Great *Edward*'s son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother *Edward*'s son,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s son.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Hast thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward*'s blood.

Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, born out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that Age and Sullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age:
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſays old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much of that.—— Now for our *Iriſh* wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug headed Kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do ask ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender Duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Gloſter*'s death, not *Hereford*'s Baniſhment,

Not

Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor *England*'s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sow'r my patient cheek;
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble *Edward*'s sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
And not against his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did spend; and spent not That,
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, *Richard! York* is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take *Hereford*'s Rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customary Rights.
Let not to morrow then ensue to day;
Be not thy self. —— For how art thou a King,
But by fair sequence and succession?
If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford*'s Right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head;

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think, what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will ensue thereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, *Bushy*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* strait,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-House*,
To see this business done: To morrow next
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in absence of our self,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*:
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of Stay is short. [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt*, *King*, *Queen*, &c.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Ross.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his son is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence.
Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, speak your mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends, what you'd speak, to the Duke of *Hereford?*
If it be so, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North.

North. Now, afore heav'n, it's ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, I wot not what;
But what o'God's name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That, which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not mony for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble Kinſman — moſt degenerate King!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck, that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of Death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.

Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends, I have from *Port le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exe'er*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoak,
Imp out our drooping Country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepter's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like it ſelf:
Away with me in poſt to *Ravenſpurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelf will go.
Roſs. To horſe, to horſe, urge Doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Court.*

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſſy. MAdam, your Majeſty is much too ſad;
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.
Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe my ſelf,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe,
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard:* yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles, yet at ſomething grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief it ſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like Perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, (4)
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,

(4) *Like* Perſpectives, *which*, rightly *gaz'd upon*,
Shew Nothing but Confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh Form.] This is a very fine Similitude, and the Thing meant is This. Amongſt *Mathematical* Recreations, This, which your Maſters in *Optics* amuſe themſelves with, holds a principal Place. They draw a Figure, in which all the Rules of *Perſpective* are directly *inverted*: ſo that, conſequently, if held in the ſame Poſition with thoſe Pictures which are drawn according to the Rules of *Perſpective*, it muſt preſent Nothing but Confuſion: and to be ſeen in Form, and under a regular Appearance, it muſt be look'd upon from a contrary Station: or, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, *ey'd awry*. Theſe kind of Pictures are now very common; but not ſo, I believe, in our Author's Time, tho' he ſo well underſtood their Nature. Mr. *Warburton*.

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; Conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reverſion That I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope, the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power;
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſturg.*

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The lord *Northumberland,* his young ſon *Percy,*
The lords of *Roſs, Beaumond,* and *Willoughby,*
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland,*
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke.*

Queen. So, *Green,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow, join'd.

Buſhy.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.
Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York.*
Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.
York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts:
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care, and Grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop this Land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport my ſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was; why, ſo, go all, which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, (5) to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't?

(5) *Get thee to* Plaſhie,——] The Lordſhip of *Plaſhie* was a Town of the Dutcheſs of *Glouceſter*'s in *Eſſex*. See *Hall*'s Chronicle, p. 13.

Serv.

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for mony for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; (couſin, I would ſay;) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinſman is, One whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Berkley* caſtle:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too;——
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.
Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy Power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.
Green. Beſides, our Nearneſs to the King in Love
Is near the Hate of thoſe, love not the King.
Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes: and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green.

Green. Well; I'll for Refuge ſtrait to *Briſtol*-caſtle;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.
Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?
Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: if heart's Preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*
Green. Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a wild Proſpect in* Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. HOW far is it, my lord, to *Berkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire:*
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold*, will be found
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of thy travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling.

Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter:* whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my Lord, t'have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The Houſhold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.

Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*;
And ſent me o'er by *Berkley*, to diſcover
What Pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*; and be ſure,
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my Fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to *Berkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy.

Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Berkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore, thanks; ——— (th'exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of *Berkley*, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*;
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble Uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me no Uncle: ——

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd, and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England*'s ground?
But more than,—why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou, becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal boſom lies his Power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my ſelf
Reſcu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worſe degree;
In groſs Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy Sovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away,
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.

You

You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's Goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Deſcent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon, to do him Right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had Feeling of my Couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him Right:
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his Coming is
But for his own; and, for the Right of That,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my Pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept;
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtol-Caſtle*, which, they ſay, is held

By

By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past Redress are now with me past Care.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *in WALES.*

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will dispersе our selves: farewel.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welshman:*
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not stay.
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful Change.
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death of Kings ——
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Salis. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament:
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy Good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men.———
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
My ſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of Baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my Signiories;
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold Coat;
Raz'd out my Impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save mens' opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this.

Con-

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroak of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.*——Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care, my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: come, my lords, away; (6)
A while to Work; and, after, Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

(6) *Thanks, gentle Uncle; Come, my Lords, away,*
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices,
A while to Work, and after Holyday.] Tho' the intermediate Line has taken poſſeſſion of all the old Copies, I have great Suſpicion of its being an Interpolation; and have therefore ventur'd to throw it out. The firſt and third Line rhyme to each other; nor, do I imagine, This was caſual, but intended by the Poet. Were we to acknowledge the Line genuine, it muſt argue the Poet of Forgetfulneſs in his own Plan; and Inattention to Hiſtory, of which he was moſt obſervant. *Bolingbroke* is, as it were, yet but juſt arriv'd; He is now at *Briſtol*; weak in his Numbers; has had no Meeting with a Parliament; nor is ſo far aſſur'd of the Succeſſion, as to think of going to ſuppreſs Inſurrections before he is planted in the Throne. Beſides, we find, the Oppoſition of *Glendower* begins the *Firſt* Part of K. *Henry* IV; and *Mortimer*'s Defeat by that hardy *Welſhman* is the Tidings of the firſt Scene of that Play. Again, tho' *Glendower*, in the very firſt Year of K. *Henry* IV, began to be troubleſome, put in for the Supremacy of *Wales*, and impriſon'd *Mortimer*; yet it was not till the ſucceeding Year, that the King employ'd any Force againſt him.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Coaſt of* Wales.

Flouriſh: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. BArkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking Seas?
K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This Earth ſhall have a Feeling: and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.
Biſhop. Fear not, my lord; that Pow'r, that made you King,
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
The means, that heaven yields, muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would,

And

And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.
K. Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden Crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the Right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your Pow'r?
Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One day (too late, I fear, my noble lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.

Oh,

Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
To day, to day,——unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.
For all the *Welshmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my Name; a puny Subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my Kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care:
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, Woe, Destruction, Ruin, Loss, Decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like

Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful Land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with women's voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy Crown:
Thy very Beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal Ewe, againſt thy State:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.

Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is he got? (7)
What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?

(7) *Where is the Earl of* Wiltſhire? *where is* Bagot? *What is become of* Buſhy? *where is* Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few Lines, the King, hearing they had made their Peace with *Bolingbroke*, calls them THREE *Judas's*. But how was their Peace made? Why, with the Loſs of their Heads. This being explain'd, *Aumerle* ſays, *Is* Buſhy, Green, *and th' Earl of* Wiltſhire *dead?* So that *Bagot* ought to be left out of the Queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for *Cheſter*, and from thence had eſcap'd into *Ireland*. And ſo we find him, in the 2d Act, determining to do.

Bagot. *No: I'll to* Ireland, *to his Majeſty.*

The Poet could not be guilty of ſo much Forgetfulneſs and Abſurdity. The Tranſcribers muſt have blunder'd. It ſeems probable to me that He wrote, as I have conjecturally alter'd the Text.

Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? *where is* He got?
i. e. Into what Corner of my Dominions is He *ſlunk*, and *abſconded?*

If

If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.
Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord,
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas*!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father, with his Pow'r?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo ——— for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war:
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd:
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd:
All murther'd. ——— For within the hollow Crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,

Keeps Death his Court; and there the Antick ſits,
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn Rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſie task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his Power?
Speek ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.

Your

Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away:
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That Pow'r I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my Foll'wers: let them hence, away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp*, *near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd; and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this Coaſt.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeem the lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, King *Richard.* Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!

North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with You, to shorten You,
For taking so the Head, the whole Head's Length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake, the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiss King *Richard*'s hand, and sends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal person:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s Land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march

Upon

Upon the graſſie carpet of this Plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this Caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring Shock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flourish. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Salisbury.

See! ſee! King *Richard* doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his Glory; and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controling Majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:

Yet know, —— My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of Peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown, he looks for, live in peace, (8)
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England*'s face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew
Her Paſture's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,

(8) *But e'er the Crown, he looks for,* live *in Peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody Crowns of Mothers' Sons
Shall ill become the Flow'r *of* England's *face*;] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text here, I cannot but think it liable to Suſpicion. A Crown living in Peace, as Mr. *Warburton* juſtly obſerv'd to me, is a very odd Phraſe. He ſuppoſes;

But e're the Crown, he looks for, light *in Peace,*

i. e. deſcend and ſettle upon *Bolingbroke*'s Head in Peace.—— Again, I have a ſmall Quarrel to the third Line quoted. Would the Poet ſay, That bloody Crowns ſhould disfigure the *Flow'rs* that ſpring on the Ground, and bedew the *Graſs* with Blood? Surely, the two Images are too ſimilar. I have ſuſpected,

Shall ill become the Floor *of* England's *Face.*

i. e. Shall make a diſmal Spectacle on the Surface of the Kingdom's Earth.

(Cur-

(Currents, that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His Coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt;
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt;
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, ſay, thus the King returns:
His noble Couſin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle Hearing kind Commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf, Couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of Sooth; oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bolingbroke*.

K. Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?

The King shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave;
A little, little Grave;—— an obscure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way: (9)
Some way of common Tread, where Subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'st; (my tender-hearted cousin!)
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match, with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,

(9) *Or I'll be buried in the King's high way*;
Some Way of common Trade,——] As specious as this Reading appears, Mr. *Warburton*, Mr. *Bishop*, and I, all concurr'd in suspecting it, and in the Amendment which now possesses the Text;
Some way of common Tread,——
i. e. a high Road. He subjoins immediately;
For on my heart they tread *now, while I live*;
And we know how much it is *Shakespeare*'s way to diversify the Image with the same Word.

What

What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays, *ay.*
North. My lord in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.
K. Rich. Down, down I come; like gilſt'ring *Phaeton,*
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' Calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For Night-owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.
Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?
North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick Man;
Yet is he come.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord ——— [*Kneels.*
K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deſerve: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London.* Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, *no.* [*Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Garden, in the Queen's* Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the Gardiners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees; ——
My Wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

They'll talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholſom flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm ſtate?
When our Sea-walled garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholſom herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelf met with the Fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelf;
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the Crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſt to death, through want of ſpeaking:
Thou *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond Fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better Thing than earth,)
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet, what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, ladies, go;
To meet at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad Look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would the plants, thou graft'ſt, may never grow.

[*Exe. Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy Curſe.

Here

Here did she drop a tear; here in this place,
I'll set a bank of Rue, sow'r *herb of grace*;
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *in* LONDON.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *Abbot of* Westminster, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster*'s death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ster*'s death was plotted,
I heard you say, " Is not my arm of length,
" That reacheth from the restful *English* Court
" As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk that very time,
I heard you say, " You rather had refuse,
" The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
" Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
" How blest this Land would be in this your Cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall

Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, Thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.

Surrey. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n it ſelf is true.

Fitzw. Surrey, thou lieſt.

Surrey.

Surrey. Diſhonourable boy,
That Lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that Lie, reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe;
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe Diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his Signiories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſign of the chriſtian Croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant Country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham!* — Lords appealants,
Your

Your diff'rences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure of God's Majesty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it!
That in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks.
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny

Shall

Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of tryal.
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the Commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our Arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T'inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The Favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt:* but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King!—will no man ſay, *Amen?*
Am I both prieſt and clark? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York.

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown.
K. Rich. Give me the Crown.—Here, couſin, ſeize the Crown,
Here, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden Crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
K. Rich. My Crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your Crown.
K. Rich. Your cares, ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won;
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Boling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt Nothing be:
Therefore no No; for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy weight from off my head;
And this unweildy Scepter from my hand;
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my Balm;
With mine own hands I give away my Crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred State;
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious oaths.
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego:
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an earthly pit!
God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſow'r Croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a Sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T'undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Sovereign a ſlave;
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject: State, a peaſant.

North. My lord——

K. Rich.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giv'n me at the Font,
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my self!
Oh, that I were a mockery-King of snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt my self away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling.
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland.*

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very Book, indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter One, with a Glass.

Give me that Glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring Glass!
Like to my Followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle Glory shineth in this face;

[*Dashes the Glass against the Ground.*

As

As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.
Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say That again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair Couſin.
K. Rich. Fair Couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And ſhall I have?
Boling. You ſhall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.
Boling. Go Some of you, convey him to the *Tower*.
K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:——Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's Fall.
Boling. On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our Coronation: lords, prepare your ſelves.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Biſhop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.

Aum.

Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A Plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street in* LONDON.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæſar*'s ill-erected Tow'r;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner, by proud *Bolingbroke.*
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any Reſting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did ſtand,
[*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an ale-houſe Gueſt?
K. Rich.

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, Sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some Religious House;
Our holy lives, must win a new world's Crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts?

K. Rich. A King of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good sometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living Leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And ere you bid good Night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.

And

And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me:
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May*;
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.
Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.
North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiſs.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When Weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke!*
You wou'd have thought, the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his Viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome *Bolingbroke!*
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,

Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, Country-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. As in a Theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted;
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s Friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new Spring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to Prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, they do.

York. You will be there?

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.

York.

York. What Seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear ——
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing!
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not Peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer!
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)

Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*

Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York*, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

(10) SCENE *changes to the Court at* Windſor-*Caſtle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions:
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers:
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy.
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a Crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Boling. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was, he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute as deſp'rate; yet through both

(10) *Scene changes to* Oxford.] This Diſtinction of Scenary, which is mark'd in none of the former Copies, we owe to the *happy* Efforts of Mr. *Pope* in his Editions. But Indolence and Induſtry work the ſame Effects upon this Gentleman in his Diſcoveries, and are both the Parents of Error. 'Tis true, the Turnaments, prepar'd for the Deſtruction of *Bolingbroke*, were appointed at *Oxford*, and thither *Bolingbroke* was invited by the Conſpirators. But the Plot was diſcovered early enough to prevent his ſetting out for *Oxford*; and the Duke of *York* impeached his Son to him, and *Aumerle* likewiſe accuſed himſelf, at the Caſtle of *Windſor*, where *Bolingbroke* then reſided, as Mr. *Pope* might have ſeen in our *Engliſh* Chronicles: and therefore thither I have removed the Scene.

I see some sparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our Cousin, that he stares,
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak!

Boling. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the Tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [York *within.*

York. My liege, beware, look to thyself,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The Treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy Promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,

My

My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down.
I tore it from the traytor's bosom, King,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous son!
Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himself,
Thy overflow of good converts the bad; (11)
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traytor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dang'rous Cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

(11) *Thy Overflow of Good converts to Bad.*] This is the Reading of all the printed Copies in general; and I never 'till lately suspected its being faulty. The Reasoning is disjointed, and inconclusive: My Emendation makes it clear and of a piece. "Thy Overflow of Good changes the Complexion of "thy Son's Guilt; and thy Goodness, being so abundant, shall "excuse his Trespass.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may;
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not it ſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.
[*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them Both, my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our pray'rs do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law, —— the Abbot, —— (12)
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good Uncle, help to order ſeveral Powers

(12) *But for our truſty* Brother-in-law, —— *the* Abbot ——] Without theſe Marks of Disjunction, which I have thought proper to add, the *Abbot* here mention'd and *Bolingbroke*'s Brother-in-law ſeem to be one and the ſame Perſon: but this was not the Caſe. The Abbot of *Weſtminſter* was an Eccleſiaſtic; but the Brother-in-law, meant, was *John* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Huntingdon*, (own Brother to King *Richard* II.) and who had married with the Lady *Elizabeth* Siſter to *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*,

To *Oxford*, or where-e'er these traytors are.
They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and cousin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son; I pray heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?—quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall say, —— I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
a m the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Prison at* Pomfret-*Castle.*

Enter King Richard.

I Have been studying, how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my self,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

(As

(As thoughts, of things divine,) are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: (Like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;)
And, in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King.
Then treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
And ſtreight am nothing —— but what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing — Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſick of mens' lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,

Their

Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times —— O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad Drudge, (13)
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime Maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that Coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

(13) *Where no Man ever comes, but that ſad* Dog] I have ventur'd at a Change here, againſt the Authority of the Copies, by the Direction of Mr. *Warburton*. Indeed, *ſad Dog* ſavours too much of the Comedian, the Oratory of the late facetious Mr. *Penkethman*. And *Drudge* is the Word of Contempt, which our Author chuſes to uſe on other like Occaſions.

Groom.

Groom. So proudly, as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That Jade had eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since Pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting *Bolingbroke.*

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to!

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help! ——

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument;
[*Snatching a Sword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own Land.
Mount,

Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Court *at* Windſor.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and attendants.*

Boling. KInd Uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'ſbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a Paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz-w. My lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traytors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter

Enter Percy, *and the Bishop of* Carlisle.

Percy. The grand Conspirator, *Abbot* of *Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the Grave:
But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, if thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton, *with a coffin.*

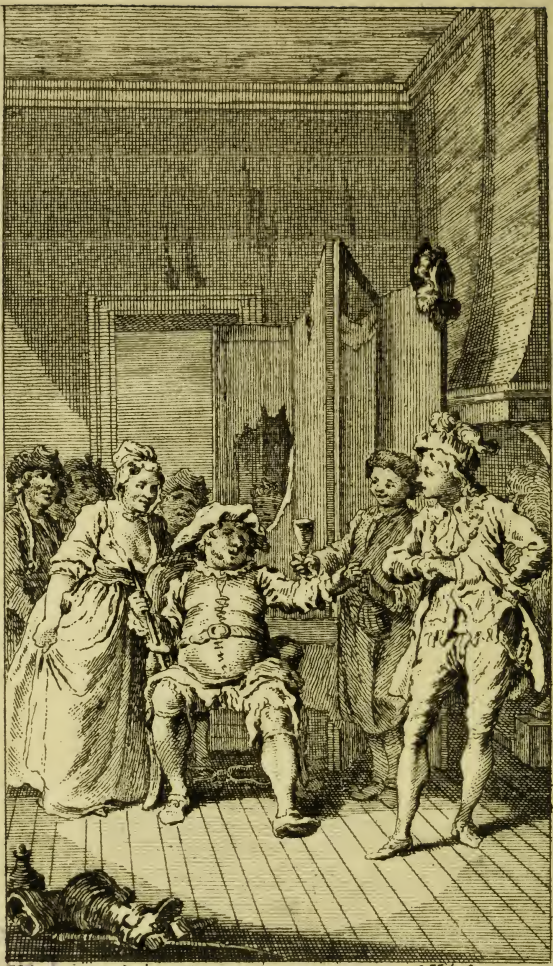
Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The Guilt of Conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen Black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The



H. Gravelot del. Vol: 4. P. 89. G. V.dr Gucht Scul.

BL
BRAR

The First Part of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, *Sirnam'd* HOT-SPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales,
John *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to the King.*

Worceſter,
Northumberland,
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*
Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,

Weſtmorland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party.*

Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins,
Gads-hill,
Peto, } *Companions of* Falſtaff.
Bardolph,

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

The

(1) The First Part of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* Court *in* London.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King Henry.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds a-far remote.

(1) *The 1ſt Part of* Henry IV.] The Tranſactions, contain'd in this hiſtorical Drama, are comprized within the Period of about 10 Months: For the Action commences with the News brought of *Hotſpur* having defeated the *Scots* under *Archibald* Earl *Dowglas* at *Holmedon*, (or *Halidown*-hill) which Battle was fought on *Holyrood*-day, (the 14th of *September*,) 1402: and it cloſes with the Defeat and Death of *Hotſpur* at *Shrewsbury*; which Engagement happen'd on *Saturday* the 21ſt of *July* (the Eve of St. *Mary Magdalen*) in the Year 1403.

No

No more the thirsty entrance of this Soil
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming, ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these Pagans, in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore, we meet not now: Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
A thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,

By

By thoſe *Welſh-women* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.
K. Henry. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the holy Land.
Weſt. This, matcht with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-ſpur* there,
Young *Harry-Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.
K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?
Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In Envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theam of Honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow

Of

Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.——What think you, Coufin,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the prifoners,
Which he in this adventure hath furpriz'd,
To his own ufe he keeps, and fends me word,
I fhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

Weft. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcefter*,
Malevolent to you in all afpects;
Which makes him prune himfelf, and briftle up
The Creft of youth againft your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have fent for him to anfwer this
And for this caufe a while we muft neglect
Our holy purpofe to *Jerufalem*.
Coufin, on *Wednefday* next, our Council we
Will hold at *Windfor*, fo inform the lords:
But come your felf with fpeed to us again;
For more is to be faid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weft. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, *an Apartment of the* Prince's.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falftaff.

Fal. NOW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry*. Thou art fo fat-witted with drinking old fack, and unbuttoning thee after fupper, and fleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haft forgotten to demand That truly, which thou would'ft truly know. What a devil haft thou to do with the time of the day? unlefs hours were cups of fack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the figns of leaping-houfes, and the bleffed Sun himfelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I fee no reafon why thou fhould'ft

ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring knight ſo fair. And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King — as God ſave thy Grace, (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none.) ——

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, (2) let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana*'s foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we —— ſteal.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea; being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got with ſwearing, *lay by*; and ſpent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

(2) *Let not Us, that are Squires of the Night's body, be call'd Thieves of the Day*'s Beauty.] This conveys no manner of Idea to me. How could They be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty? They robb'd by Moon-ſhine; they could not ſteal the fair Day-light. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *Booty:* and This I take to be the Meaning. Let us not be call'd *Thieves*, the Purloiners of that *Booty*, which, to the Proprietors, was the Purchaſe of honeſt Labour and Induſtry by Day.

Fal.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'ſt true, lad: and is not mine Hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

(3) P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the tavern?

(3) *As the Honey of* Hybla, *my* Old *Lad of the* Caſtle.] Mr. *Rowe*, (as I have obſerv'd in a Note on *The Merry Wives* of *Windſor*,) took notice of a Tradition, that this Part of *Falſtaff* was ſaid to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcaſtle*. An ingenious Correſpondent (whom I only know by his ſigning himſelf L. H.) hints to me, that the Paſſage above quoted from our Author proves, what Mr. *Rowe* tells us was a Tradition. *Old* Lad of the *Caſtle* ſeems to have a Reference to *Oldcaſtle*. Beſides, if this had not been the Fact, (before the Change was made to *Falſtaff*) why, in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry* IV. where our Author promiſes to continue his Story with Sir *John* in it, ſhould he ſay, *Where, for any Thing I know*, Falſtaff *ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already be be kill'd with your hard Opinions: for* Oldcaſtle *dy'd a Martyr, and This is not the Man.* This looks like declining a Point, that had been made an Objection to him. I'll give a farther Matter in Proof, which ſeems almoſt to fix the Charge. I have read an old Play, call'd, *The famous Victories of* Henry *the* Vth. *containing the Honourable Battle of* Agincourt. —— The Action of this Piece commences about the 14th Year of K. *Henry* IVth's Reign, and ends with *Henry* Vth. marrying Princeſs *Catharine* of *France*. The Scene opens with Prince *Henry*'s Robberies. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* is one of his Gang, and call'd *Jockie:* and *Ned* and *Gads-hill* are two other Comrades. —— From this old imperfect Sketch, I have a Suſpicion, *Shakeſpeare* might form his two Parts of *Henry* the IVth, and his Hiſtory of *Henry* V: and, conſequently, 'tis not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, till ſome Deſcendants of That Family mov'd Q. *Elizabeth* to command him to change the Name.

Fal.

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No: thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits?——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt comparative, raſcalliеſt, ſweet young Prince——But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry.* Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

(4) *Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin

(4) Fal. *Why*, Hal, *'tis my Vocation*, Hal. *'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.*

Enter *Poins.*

Poins. *Now ſhall we know, if* Gads-hill *have ſet a Match.*] Mr. *Pope* has given us one ſignal Obſervation in his *Preface* to our Author's Works. *Throughout his Plays*, ſays he, *had* all *the* Speeches *been printed without the very* Names *of the* Perſons, *I believe, one might have apply'd them* with Certainty *to every Speaker.* But how fallible the moſt ſufficient Critick may be, the Paſſage in Controverſy is a main Inſtance. As ſignal a Blunder has eſcap'd all the Editors here, as any one thro' the whole Set of Plays. Will any one perſuade me, *Shakeſpeare* could be guilty of ſuch an Inconſiſtency, as to make *Poins* at his firſt Entrance want News of *Gads-hill*, and immediately after to be able to give a full Account of him?——No; *Falſtaff*, ſeeing *Poins* at hand, turns the Stream of his Diſcourſe from the Prince, and ſays, Now ſhall we know whether *Gads-hill* has ſet a Match for Us; and then immediately falls into Railing and Invectives againſt *Poins.* How admirably is This in Character for *Falſtaff!* And *Poins*,---- who knew well his abuſive manner, ſeems in part to overhear him: and ſo ſoon

as

ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!* ——— Now ſhall we know, if *Gads-hill* have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true Man. ———

P. *Henry*. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal*. What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? what ſays Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good-Friday* laſt, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry*. Sir *John* ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry*. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by four o' clock, early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I have viſors for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap*; we may do it, as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry*. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

as he has return'd the Prince's Salutation, cries, by way of Anſwer, *What ſays Monſieur* Remorſe? *What ſays Sir* John Sack *and* Sugar?

Fal. There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry.* Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallown summer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. (5) *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*,

(5) Falstaff, HARVEY, ROSSIL, *and* Gads-hill *shall rob those Men that We have already way-laid.*] Thus the whole Stream of Editions, from the First downwards. But thus We have two Persons named, as Characters in this Play, that never were once inserted among the *Dramatis Personæ* in any of the Impressions whatsoever. But let us see who they were, that committed this Robbery; and then, perhaps, we may be able to account for this Pair of additional Thieves, as They at present seem. In the second Act, We come to a Scene of the *High-way*. *Falstaff*, wanting his Horse, which had been hid on purpose to plague him, calls out on *Hal*, *Poins*, *Bardolfe*, and *Peto*; and says, He has a great Mind to leave these Rogues. Presently, *Gads-hill* joins 'em, with Intelligence of Travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,——You Four *shall front 'em in the narrow Lane*, Ned Poins *and* I *will walk lower*.

hill, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my ſhoulders.

P. *Henry*. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. *Henry*. Ay; but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and, ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry*. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd Back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll for-ſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. *Henry*. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all

lower. So that the *Four* to be concern'd are *Falſtaff*, *Bardolfe*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*. Accordingly, the Robbery is committed: and the Prince and *Poins* afterwards rob them *Four*. When the Matter comes to an Examination in the *Boar's-Head* Tavern, the Prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolfe* for their running away; who confeſs the Charge. Upon the Evidence now is it not plain, that *Bardolfe* and *Peto* were *two* of the *four* Robbers? And who then can doubt, but *Harvey* and *Reſſil* were the Names of the Actors that perform'd thoſe two Parts; and by Miſtake, in the old Play-houſe Books, put inſtead of the Names of the Characters to be repreſented by them?

things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord, [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare Accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My Reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than That which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Henry. MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down,

And

And therefore loſt that title of Reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of Greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame Greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.
North. My good lord, ——
K. Henry. Worceſter, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit* Worceſter.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumberland.
North. Yes, my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners, in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty.
Or Envy therefore, or Miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff. —— And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pester'd with a popinjay,)
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. ——
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die; and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
His Brother in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*

Hath

Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Sall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have loft and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ftarve;
For I fhall never hold that man my friend,
Whofe tongue fhall afk me for one penny coft
To ranfom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my fovereign Liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove That true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thofe wounds,
Thofe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s fedgie bank,
In fingle oppofition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beft part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower:*
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of fwift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crifp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ftained with thefe valiant Combatants.
Never did bafe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive fo many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be flander'd with Revolt.

K. Henry. Thou doft belie him, *Percy*, thou believ'ft him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durft as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not afham'd? but, firrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you fpeak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prifoners with the fpeedieft means,
Or you fhall hear in fuch a kind from me
As will difpleafe you —— My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your fon.

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i' th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke.*

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad. [*To* Worcester.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer.*

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us, God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; — did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*

Heir

Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my ſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous Subornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power
Ingag'd them Both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As Both of you, God pardon it! have done:)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd Honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay ——

Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim:
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south;
And let them grapple. — O! the blood more stirs
To rouze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the Deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Corrival all her Dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*,
That are your prisoners —

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes;
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lyes asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of *Wales*,

(But

(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,)
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.

War. Farewel, my kinſman; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke:*
In *Richard*'s time —— what do ye call the place?——
A plague upon't! —— it is in *Glo'ſterſhire* ——
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept —
His uncle *York*—— where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke:*
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg.*

North. At *Berkley* caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true:
Why, what a deal of candied Courteſie
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age*, ——
And *gentle Harry Percy* —— and *kind couſin* ——
The devil take ſuch cozeners— God forgive me —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

War. Nay, If you have not, to't again.
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

War. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtrait,
And make the *Dowglas*' Son your only mean
For Pow'rs in *Scotland*; which for divers reaſons (6)
Which

(6) —————— *which for diverſe Reaſons*
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted You, my Lord.
Your Son in Scotland *being thus employ'd,*
Shall ſecretly into the Boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, &c.] I have chang'd the Pointing

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. — You, my lord, [*To* North.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Arch-bishop.
Hot. York, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Bristol*, the lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion, that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: on my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.
Hot. It cannot chuse but be a noble plot;
And then the Power of *Scotland* and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!
Wor. So they shall
Hot. In faith, it is exceeding well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem our selves unsatisfy'd,

Pointing of this Passage by the Direction of Dr. *Thirlby*; and certainly with just Reason. *Worcester* is here planning out a Conspiracy to his Nephew and Brother. But *Worcester* never calls his Nephew *my Lord:* nor was *Hotspur* intended to be the Person to stir up the *Archbishop*. 'Do You, (says He to 'Hotspur;) deliver up your Prisoners; release *Douglas* ransom-'less, and employ him to raise a Force for you in *Scotland*, 'which will be granted; And You, my Lord, (says He to '*Northumberland*) while your Son is so employ'd, shall go and 'work upon the Archbishop of *York* to rise and assist You.' Consonant to this, the King, at the End of this Play sends his Son *John* with an Army towards *York*,

To meet Northumberland *and Prelate* Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.

Till

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our Pow'rs at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *an Inn at* Rochester.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler?

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt*'s saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* Ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.*

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all *London* road for fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Mass, there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, (7) and two razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What, ostler? a plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head: canst not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villian. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o' Clock?

Car. I think, it be two o' clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth-a! marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

(7) *And two* Razes *of Ginger*] As our Author in several Passages mentions a *Race* of Ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *Raze* mention'd here. The former signifies no more than a single Root of it, from the *Italian* Term *Radice*; but a *Raze* is the *Indian* Term for a *Bale* of it. Two Roots of this Spice, 'tis obvious, would hardly have been sent from *Rochester* to *London* by the Carrier.

2 *Car.*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain! ——

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's ev'n as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Chamb. Good morrow, maſter *Gads-hill*; it holds currant, that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin, in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and better. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me, of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſix-penny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; (8) burgomaſters, and great Moneyers; ſuch

(8) *Burgo-maſters, and great* one-eyers.] *Perhaps,* oneraires, *Truſtees, or Commiſſioners*; ſays Mr *Pope.* But how this Word comes

such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink; and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of Fern seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, — *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my Gelding out of the stable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to the Highway.*

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, *and* Peto.

Poins. COME, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff*'s horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand close.

comes to admit of any such Construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. *Pope*'s second Conjecture, of *canning Men that look sharp and aim well*, I have nothing to reply seriously; but choose to drop it. The Reading, which I have substituted, I owe to the Friendship of the ingenious *Nicholas Hardinge*, Esq. A *Moneyer*, is an Officer of the Mint, which makes Coin and delivers out the King's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for Bankers, or those that make it their Trade to turn and return Money. Either of these Acceptations will admirably square with our Author's context.

Enter

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hanged, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!* ——

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare farther afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll ſtarve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle*] Whew! —— a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horſe, good King's ſon.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry*. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand, ——

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice: *Bardolph*, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry*. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. *Henry*. What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

P. *Henry*. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. *Henry*. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand,——

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats; ah! whorson caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them:* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry.* Your mony.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* Poins *set upon them. They all run away, and* Falstaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possest with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away,

Away, good *Ned.* Now *Falstaff* sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lord* Percy's *House.*

Enter Hot-spur *solus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in respect of the love he bears our House!* he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not besides, the *Dowglas?* have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go

to

to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour agone.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the Sheriff?
Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought ev'n now.
Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my Throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O *Eſperance!*
Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.
Lady. But hear you, my Lord.
Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! a weazel hath not
Such a deal of ſpleen as you are toſt with.—
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
About his Title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion, I ſhall ask.
I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry*,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler:——love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them currant too——gods me! my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For, ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o' horſe-back, I will ſwear,

I

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go; nor reason, where about.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secresie,
No lady closer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to the* Boar's-*Head Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry*. NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. *Henry*. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humilty. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conscience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, so they call me;) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off. —— To conclude, I am so good a proficient in

one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou were not with me in this action; but, sweet *Ned*, — (to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome, Sir:* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir*; *Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so.) But, *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falstaff* come, I pr'y-thee, do thou stand in some bye-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*.

Poins. Francis, ——

P. *Henry*. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis, ——

Enter Francis *the drawer*.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. *Henry*. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry*. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forsooth five years, and as much to ——

Poins. Francis, ——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. Five years; by'rlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart ——

Poins. Francis, ——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be —

Poins.

Poins. Francis, ——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Nay, but hark you, *Francis,* for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry.* I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis, ——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry.* Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis,* but to morrow, *Francis,* or *Francis,* on *Thurſday*; or, indeed, *Francis,* when thou wilt. But, *Francis,* ——

Fran. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch?

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry.* Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis,* your white canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary,* Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis, ——

P. *Henry.* Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a Calling? Look to the gueſts within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. *Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins,* —— [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir?

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. *Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the ſon of a Woman! — His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his wife, "fie upon this quiet life! I want work. "O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? "Give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in *Falſtaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of ſack, boy — Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? (9) pitiful-hearted Butter, that melted at the

(9) *pitiful-hearted* Titan, *that melted at the ſweet Tale of the* Sun?] This abſurd Reading poſſeſſes all the Copies in general; and tho' it has paſs'd thro' ſuch a Number of Impreſſions, is Nonſenſe which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the Inadvertence either of Tranſcribers, or the Compoſitors

the ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward —— Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I ſay. I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. *Henry.* How now, *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

P. *Henry.* Why, you whorſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague

ſitors at *Preſs*. 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical Names of the *Sun*; but we have no Authority from Fable for *Titan*'s melting away at his own ſweet Tale, as *Narciſſus* did at the Reflection of his own ſweet Form. The Poet's Meaning was certainly this: *Falſtaff* enters in a great Heat, after having been robb'd by the *Prince* and *Poins* in Diſguiſe: and the Prince ſeeing him in ſuch a Sweat, makes the following *Simile* upon him: "Do but look upon that Compound of "Greaſe;——his Fat drips away with the Violence of his "Motion, juſt as *Butter* does with the Heat of the *Sun-beams* "darting full upon it.

upon such backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to day.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards, still, say I!

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. *Henry.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!——let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. *Henry.* Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not, what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack,* then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe; thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to: theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. *Henry.* Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou

clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch ———

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. *Henry.* Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in *Kendal* green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, *Jack*, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? no; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. *Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh, ———

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck, ——

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thy ſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. *Henry.* We two ſaw you four ſet on four, you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight — What trick? what device? what ſtarting hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack:* what trick haſt thou now?

Fal.

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry, ſhall we have a play *extempore?*

P. *Henry.* Content: —— and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! — no more of that, *Hall*, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my lady the Hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* Give him as much as will make hm a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee, do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now, Sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto*; ſo did you, *Bardolph:* you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did That I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou stolleſt a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranneſt away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors; do you behold these exhalations?

P. *Henry.* I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry.* Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waste; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*, — and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the devil his true Liegeman upon the cross of a *Welsh*-hook: what a plague call you him ———

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that sprightly

Scot

Scot of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular ———

P. *Henry*. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtol kills a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry*. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well; that raſcal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry*. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow, — but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry*. Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct; well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue-caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoln away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. *Henry*. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry*. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. *Henry*. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content, this Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. *Henry*. Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved — Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyses'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech ——— Stand aside, Nobility ——

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry Players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain— *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heav'n prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take purses, a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st; for, *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now, I remember me, his name is *Falstaff:* if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. *Henry*. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for Me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? —If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. *Henry*. Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry*. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carried away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal.

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. *Henry.* That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.* I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry, be a sin, then many an old host, that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry*'s company: banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

P. *Henry.* I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and Hostess goes out.*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the Play: I have much to say in behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. *Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go, hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. *Henry.* Call in the Sheriff. ——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, Maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men unto this houſe.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I my ſelf at this time have employ'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. *Henry.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o' clock.

[*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* This oily raſcal is known as well as *Paul's*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff —— faſt aſleep, behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.

[*He searches his Pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord,

P. *Henry.* Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*

Item, Sauce, 4 *d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*

Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The mony shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Archdeacon of* Bangor's *House in WALES.*

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?

And,

And, uncle *Worceſter* —— a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit, couſin *Percy*; ſit, good couſin *Hot-ſpur*:
For, by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheeks look pale; and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glend. I blame him not: at my Nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though your ſelf had ne'er been born.
Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hot. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.
Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better *Welsh*.
I'll to dinner ———

Mort. Peace, cousin *Percy*; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But, will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; *Tell truth and shame the devil.* ———
If thou hast pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head
Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too?
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear Coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs, that this night may execute)
To morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the *Scottiſh* Power,
As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtrait and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me *nay?*

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue, that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew! ——
Than one of these same meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haste the writer) and withal,
Break with your Wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin *Percy*, how you cross my father?

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clipt-wing Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the last night at least nine hours,
In reck'ning up the several devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,—

But

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmil, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As Mines of *India:* ſhall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And, ſince your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you,

She'll

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower *speaks to her in* Welsh, *and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks in* Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks? that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pow'r'st down from those two swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welsh.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine;
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in* Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
Begin his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians, that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;

Yet

Yet ſtrait they ſhall be here; ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lad. Go, ye giddy gooſe. [*The muſick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands *Welſh*, and 'tis no marvel, he is ſo humourous: by'r lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in *Welſh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Iriſh*.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the *Welſh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

[*Here the Lady ſings a* Welſh *ſong.*

Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good ſooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God ſhall mend me*; and, *as ſure as day:* and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'd'ſt further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *inſooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-breaſt* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours: and ſo come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By

By this our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Presence-chamber in* Windsor.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. Henry. LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Must have some private conference: but be near,
For we shall presently have need of you. ——— [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not, whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So please your Majesty, I wish, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers;
I may for some things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder,
Harry, At

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
But being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, this is he.
Others would ſay, where? which is *Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heav'n,
And dreſt my ſelf in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at; and ſo my State,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; carded his State;
Mingled his Royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but, as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy Princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. *Henry*. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more my self.

K. *Henry*. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenspurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State,
Than thou, the shadow of succession!
For, of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the Realm,
Turns head against the Lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,

Holds

Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military Title capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this *Hot-ſpur Mars* in ſwathing-cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th' Archbiſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s pay;
To dog his heels, and curtſie at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head.
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this fame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet,
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern Youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This in the name of heav'n I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have Charge, and sovereign Trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt?* thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury:*
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to day,
With him my son, lord *John* of *Lancaster;*
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry,* thou shalt set forward:
On *Thursday* we our selves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth;* and, *Harry,* you shall march
Through *Glo'stershire:* by which, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph,* am not I fall'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle?

dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd, like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church! company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid mony, that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think, thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light; thou hast saved

me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack, that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heartburn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John?* do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John:* you do not know me, Sir *John;* I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell: you owe mony here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks:

I'll

I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Peto, *playing on his Truncheon like a Fife:* Falſtaff *meets them.*

Fal. How now, lad, is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate*-faſhion.

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly?* how does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack?*

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo; and, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry.* What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and, ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

P. *Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.* I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; doſt thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. *Henry.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman

man with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'ſt in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poor *Jack Falſtaff* do, in the days of villany? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſs then, you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry.* It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: go make ready Breakfaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, and cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill. Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.* Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad, —— how is That anſwer'd?

P. *Henry.* O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee. The mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer, the firſt thing thou doſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. *Henry.* I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one, that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry. Bardolph*, ——

Bard. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Go bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Westmorland*; go, *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet me tomorrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o' clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mony and order for their furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hostess, my breakfast, come:
Oh I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to SHREWSBURY.*

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, *and* Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so gen'ral currant through the World.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dowg. Thou art the King of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well —— What letters hast thou there? ——
I can but thank you.

Mess.

Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?
Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous ſick.
Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his Power;
Under whoſe government come they along?
Meſſ. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs ——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a Truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt; to ſet ſo rich a Main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;

Where

Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We now may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know, we of th' offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger Dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the Kingdom; with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dowg. As heart can think; there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul!

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot.

Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſon?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aſide
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſht, all in arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midſummer*:
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.

Dowg.

Dowg. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Road, near* Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of ſack, our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.
Bard. Will you give me mony, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouc'd gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's Preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens' ſons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the banes: ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck-fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices: and now my whole Charge conſiſts of ancients,

cients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt ſerving men, younger ſons to younger brothers; revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; (10) ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old-fac'd ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſkare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains

(10) —— *ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old-*fac'd *Ancient.*] *Shakeſpeare* uſes this Word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an Enſign or Standard-bearer, and alſo the Colours or Standard borne, that I cannot be at a Certainty for his Alluſion here. If the Text be genuine, I think, the Meaning muſt be; as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an Enſign all his days; that has let Age creep upon him, and never had Merit enough to gain Preferment. Mr. *Warburton*, who underſtands it in the ſecond Conſtruction, has ſuſpected the Text, and given the following ingenious Emendation. —— "How is an old-fac'd *Ancient*, or *Enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? "On the contrary, Nothing is eſteem'd more honourable than "a ragged Pair of *Colours*. A very little Alteration will re- "ſtore it to its Original Senſe, which contains a Touch of "the ſtrongeſt and moſt fine turn'd Satire in the World;

Ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old Feaſt *Ancient*:

"i. e. the *Colours* uſed by the City-Companies in their Feaſts "and Proceſſions. For each Company had one with its "peculiar Device, which was uſually diſplay'd and borne "about on ſuch Occaſions. Now Nothing could be more "witty or ſatirical than this Compariſon. For as *Falſtaff*'s "Raggamuffins were reduc'd to their tatter'd Condition thro' "their riotous Exceſſes; ſo this old Feaſt Ancient became torn "and ſhatter'd, not in any manly Exerciſe of Arms, but amidſt "the Revels of drunken Bacchanals.

march

march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stoll'n from my Host of *St. Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Westmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?* How now, mad wag, what a devil dost thou in *Warwickshire?* My good lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy; I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to steal cream.

P. *Henry*. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry*. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry*. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal.

Fal. Well,
The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Shrewsbury.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'll fight with him to night.
Wor. It may not be.
Dowg. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good couſin, be advis'd; ſtir not to night.
Ver. Do not, my Lord.
Dowg. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.
Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglas:* by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be ſeen to morrow in the battel,
Which of us fears,
Dowg. Yea, or to night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To night, ſay I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great Leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Worceſter*'s horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half half of himſelf.
Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of Reſt.

Wor.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God,
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality;
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty!
But, to my Charge —— The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs: and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.
Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd, *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They, more and less, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatness knows it self,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurg:*
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his Country's wrongs; and by his face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the Fav'rites that the absent King
In Deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point ——
In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after That depriv'd him of his life:
And, in the neck of That, task'd the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March,*
(Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King) to be encag'd in *Wales,*
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the Council-board,
In rage dimiss'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into

Into his Title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?
Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again;
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewel.
Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!
Hot. It may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Archbishop of* York's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. HIE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the Lord Mareshal;
This to my cousin *Scrop*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.
Sir *Mich.* My lord, I guess their tenour.
York. Like enough.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord *Harry*; and, I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,
Whose pow'r was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant tryal with the King.
Sir *Mich.* Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*, and lord *Mortimer*.
York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*, And

And there's my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
York. And ſo there is: but yet the King hath drawn
This ſpecial head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.
Sir *Mich*. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.
York. I hope no leſs: yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell*, ſpeed;
For if lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michell*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Camp at* Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
P. *Henry*. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſtr'ing day.
K. *Henry*. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.
[*The Trumpet ſounds.*
Enter

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

K. *Henry*. How now, my lord of *Wor'ster?* 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trust,
And made us doff our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. *Henry*. You have not sought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (11)

P *Henry*.

(11) Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.*——— Prince. *Peace,* Chevet, *peace.*] This I take to be an arbitrary Refinement of Mr. *Pope*'s: nor can I easily agree, that *Chevet* is *Shakspeare*'s Word here. Why should Prince *Henry* call *Falstaff* Bolster, for interposing in the Discourse betwixt the King and *Worcester?* With Submission, he does not take him up here for his unreasonable size, but for his ill-tim'd unseasonable Chattering. I therefore have preferr'd the Reading of the old Books. A *Chewet*, or *Chuet*, is a noisy chattering Bird, a *Pie*. This carries a proper Reproach to *Falstaff* for his medling and impertinent Jest. And besides, if the Poet had intended that the Prince should sneer at *Falstaff*, on account of his Corpulency, I doubt not, but he would have call'd him *Bolster* in plain *English*, and not have wrapp'd up the Abuse in the *French* Word *Chewet*. In another Passage of this Play, the Prince honestly calls him *Quilt*; As to Prince *Henry*, his Stock

P. *Henry*. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour from my ſelf, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends:
For you, my ſtaff of office I did break
In *Richard*'s time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I:
It was my ſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
(And you did ſwear that Oath at *Doncaſter*,)
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n Right;
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It rain'd down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the Injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general Sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow; did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durſt not come near your ſight

Stock in this Language was ſo ſmall, that when he comes to be King, he hammers out one ſmall Sentence of it to Princeſs *Catharine*, and tells her, *It is as eaſy for him to conquer the Kingdom as to ſpeak ſo much more* French.

For

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self have forg'd against your self,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry*. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings and poor Discontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation. ——
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. *Henry*. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in tryal. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
(This present enterprize set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to Chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great Name and Estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single fight.

K. *Henry*. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Considerations infinite

Do

Do make againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our People well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſled upon your Couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Couſin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with Reply;
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exit* Worceſter, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry*. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. *Henry*. Hence, therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their anſwer we will ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt! [*Exeunt*.

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battel, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. *Henry*. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip: Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry*, Why, thou oweſt heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? can honour ſet to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no. What is honour? a word. what is that word honour? Air; a trim Reckoning. — who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wedneſday*. doth he feel it? no. doth he hear it? no is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. but will it not live with the living? no. why? Detraction will not ſuffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a meer ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit*.

SCENE *changes to* Percy's *Camp.*

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O, No, my nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like a Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hot-spur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my lord of *Westmorland.*
Uncle, what news?
Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.
Dow. Defie him by the lord of *Westmorland.*
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dowg.

Dowg. Marry, I ſhall; and very willingly.
[*Exit* Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dowg. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Weſtmorland*, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth!* Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praiſe:
By ſtill diſpraiſing Praiſe, valued with You.
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured

Upon his Follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince, so wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
Arm, arm with speed. And fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperanza! Percy!* and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of war;
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.
[*They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.*

The King entreth with his Power; Alarm to the battle.
Then enter Dowglas, *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blun. What is thy name, that thus in battle crossest me?
What

What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?

Dowg. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain*; *then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dowg. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas?* no: I know his face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dowg. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dowg. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels! I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry*. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword;
Many a noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies;
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

P. *Henry*. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword: but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry*. Give it me: what, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of ſack.*

P. *Henry*. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Alarum, Excurſions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* Weſtmorland.

K. *Henry*. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. *Henry*. I do beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry*. I will do ſo:
My lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.
P. *Henry.* Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help;
And heav'n forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe too long; come, cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lies; for heav'n's sake, come.
P. *Henry.* By heav'n, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
K. *Henry.* I saw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
P. *Henry.* Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dowg. Another King? they grow, like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?
K. *Henry.* The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy self.
Dowg. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine, I'm sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight: the King being in danger.*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the Spirits

Of *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt,* are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.
[*They fight,* Dowglas *flyeth.*
Chearly, my lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton:* I'll to *Clifton* strait.
K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe a while;
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
P. *Henry.* O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.
K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton,* I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey.* [*Exit.*

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*
P. *Henry.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
P. *Henry.* Then I see
A very valiant Rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales:* and think not, *Percy,*
To share with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one *Englond* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales.*
Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry,* for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. *Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal:* to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. O, *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lyes on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for ——— [*Dies.*

P. *Henry.* Worms, brave *Percy.* Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He ſees* Falſtaff.
——What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
Oh, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

Falstaff *rises.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! — if thou imbowel me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear, I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* Hot-spur *on his back.*

Enter Prince Henry, *and* John *of* Lancaster.

P. *Henry.* Come, brother *John,* full bravely hast thou flesht
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?
Did not you tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee, speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falstaff,* then am I a *Jack:* there is *Percy,* if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead. *Fal.*

Fal. Did'ſt thou? lord, lord, how the world is giv'n to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: if I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, Prince *of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſaftey urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.

Other

Other Offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt* Worcester *and* Vernon, *guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. *Henry.* The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* slain and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and, I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. *Henry.* With all my heart.

P. *Henry.* Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shewn upon our crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. *Henry.* Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You son *John*, and my cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland*, and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and You, son *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

H. Gravelot del. Vol: 4. P: 181. G.V.^de Gucht Sculp.

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues:*

OPEN your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The Vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of Peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And, of ſo eaſie and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels' blood. But what mean I,
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;
And that the King before the *Douglas*' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.

This

PROLOGUE.

This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this worm-eaten Hold of ragged stone; (1)
Where *Hot-spur*'s father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty sick. The Posts come tiring on;
And not a man brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour's* tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

(1) *And this worm-eaten* Hole *of ragged Stone,*] *Northumberland* had retir'd and fortified himself in his Castle, a Place of Strength in those times, tho' the Building might be impair'd by its Antiquity; and therefore, I believe, our Poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten Hold *of ragged Stone.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Prince Henry, *afterwards crown'd King* Henry *the Fifth.*

Prince John *of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth.*
Humphrey *of* Glouceſter, } *and Brethren to* Henry
Thomas *of* Clarence, } *the Fifth.*

Northumberland, }
Archbiſhop of York, }
Mowbray, } *Oppoſites againſt King* Henry
Haſtings, } *the Fourth.*
Lord Bardolph. }
Travers, }
Morton, }
Colevile, }

Warwick, }
Weſtmorland, }
Surrey, } *of the King's Party.*
Gower, }
Harcourt, }
Lord Chief Juſtice, }

Falſtaff. }
Poins, }
Bardolph, } *Irregular Humoriſts.*
Piſtol. }
Peto, }
Page, }

Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*

Mouldy, }
Shadow, }
Wart, } *Country Soldiers.*
Feeble, }
Bulcalf, }

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy,
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The

(2) The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Northumberland*'s Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; *the Porter at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard;
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

(2) *The 2d Part of* Henry IV.] The Tranſactions compriz'd in this Hiſtory take up about nine Years. The Action commences with the Account of *Hotſpur*'s being defeated and kill'd; and cloſes with the death of K. *Henry* IV, and the Coronation of K. *Henry* V.

North.

North. What news, lord *Bardolph?* ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury.*

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas:* young Prince *John,*
And *Weſtmorland,* and *Stafford,* fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John,*
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignifie the times,
Since *Cæſar*'s fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury?*

Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.

North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers,* whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, *Travers,* what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He ask'd the way to *Cheſter;* and of him

I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury*.
He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck;
And that young *Harry Percy*'s Spur was cold.
With That he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? again:
Said he, young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you;
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my Barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtoll'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the Nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his uglieſt Mask
To fright our Party.

North. How doth my ſon, and Brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:

But

But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue;
And I my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: your Son did thus, and thus:
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble *Dowglas:*
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſon, and all are dead!

Mort. Dowglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your ſon ———

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mort. You are too Great, to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not, that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I'm ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire

Even

Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his Camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing, that's heavy in its ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ſter*
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas*, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy Pow'r to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lanceſter*
And *Weſtmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe feaver-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach

The

The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring (3)
To frown upon th' inrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Bard. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord!
Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th' event of war, my noble lord,
And ſumm'd th' account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than That being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,

(3) *The* ragged'ſt *Hour that Time and Spight dare bring To frown*, &c.] I know very well, our Author frequently uſes this Epithet, when he ſpeaks either of ſharp o'er-hanging Rocks, ruin'd Fortifications, *&c.* but there is no Conſonance of Metaphors here betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any Dignity in the Image. On both Accounts, therefore, I ſuſpect, our Author wrote, as I have reform'd the Text, *The* rugged'ſt *Hour*, &c.

That,

That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed Powers: he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs; conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now, the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his Riſing with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life, under great *Bolingbroke:*
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Street in* London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. SIrrah, you, giant! what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my ſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whorſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel: The *Juvenal*, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet; he may keep it ſtill as a face royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid Mr. *Dombledon*, about the ſatten for my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than *Bardolph:* he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his tongue

tongue be hotter! a whorſon *Achitophel*, a raſcally yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon *ſecurity!* the whorſon-ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity:* I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatten, as I am a true Knight, and he ſends me *ſecurity*. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph?*

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in *Paul*'s, and he'll buy me a horſe in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the Stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at *Shrewsbury:* and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Ch. Juſt. What, to *York?* call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff*,———

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*———

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King

lack Subjects? do not the Rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide That, which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick. I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury* ——

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you; ——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fallen into this ſame whorſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whorſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fallen into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

(4) *Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord, but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your Patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple it ſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

(4) Fal. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*] In the oldeſt *Quarto* Edition, which I have of this Play, (printed, in 1600) this Speech ſtands thus.

Old. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*

I had not obſerv'd This, when I wrote my Note, to the 1ſt *Henry* IV, concerning the Tradition of *Falſtaff*'s Character having been firſt call'd *Oldcaſtle*. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident Proof, of the Thing being ſo: and that the Play being printed from the Stage-Manuſcript, *Oldcaſtle* had been all along alter'd into *Falſtaff*, except in this ſingle Place by an Overſight: of which the Printers, not being aware, continued theſe initial Traces of the Original Name. See the third Note to 1ſt *Henry* IV.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would, my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I'm loth to gall a new heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er poſting that action.

Fal. My lord ———

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy gravy.——

Ch. Juſt. (5) You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord, your angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot

(5) *You follow the young Prince up and down like his* evil *Angel.*] What a precious Collator has Mr. *Pope* approv'd himſelf in this Paſſage! Beſides, if This were the true Reading, *Falſtaff* could not have made the witty and humourous Evaſion he has done in his Reply. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the oldeſt *Quarto*. The Lord Chief Juſtice calls *Falſtaff* the Prince's *ill Angel* or Genius: which *Falſtaff* turns off by ſaying, an *ill Angel* (meaning the Coin call'd an *Angel*) is *light*; but, ſurely, it can't be ſaid that He wants *Weight: ergo,*——the Inference is obvious. Now Money may be call'd *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never call'd *evil*, with Regard to its being under Weight. This Mr. *Pope* will facetiouſly call reſtoring *loſt Puns:* But if the Author wrote a *Pun*, and it happens to be *loſt* in an Editor's Indolence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his Grimace, venture at bringing it back to Light.

go;

go; —— I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-mongers' days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a goose-berry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your Galls; and we that are in the va-ward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young Lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n send the Prince a better Companion!

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear, you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the Lord,

I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I'm thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever. —— 'but it was always yet the trick of our *Engliſh* Nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me Reſt: I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle —— A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy, ——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: a good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Archbishop of* York's *Palace.*

Enter Archbishop of York, Hastings, Thomas Mowbray *(Earl Marshal) and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THUS have you heard our cause, and know our means:
Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance our selves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland* whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord *Hastings*, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland?*

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theam so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise,
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-spur*'s case at *Shrewsbury.*

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air, on promise of Supply;
Flatt'ring himself with project of a Power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his Pow'rs to death,

And winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early Spring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? much more, in this great Work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a Kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite: or elſe,
We fortifie in paper and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his pow'r to build it: who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord *Bardolph.*
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,

Are

Are in three heads; one Pow'r againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower*; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: ſo is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.
York. That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.
Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear That.
Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?
Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter*, and *Weſtmorland*:
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice,
York. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The Commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave;
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!

Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?
Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Street in* LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two officers, Phang *and* Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. *Phang*, you have enter'd the action?
Phang. It is enter'd.
Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?
Phang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*
Hoſt. O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*
Snare. Here, here.
Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*
Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.
Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: for he will ſtab.
Hoſt. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.
Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.
Hoſt. No, nor I neither;——I'll be at your elbow.
Phang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my vice.
Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Phang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not 'ſcape He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-*

bar's-head in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooth*'s the *Silkman*. I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. (6) A hundred mark is a long Lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Phang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph:* cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou hony-ſeed rogue! thou art a hony-ſeed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

(6) *A hundred Mark is a long* one,] A long *one?* A long What? a long Mark? For That's the only antecedent Subſtantive it has to agree with: and common Senſe won't admit of its being coupled to That. It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, how familiar it is with our Poet to play the Chimes upon Words *ſimilar* in *Sound*, and *differing* in *Signification:* and therefore I make no Queſtion but he wrote,

A hundred Mark is a long Lone *for a poor* lone *Woman to bear: i. e.* 100 Marks is a good round Sum for a poor Widow to venture on Truſt. According to the old way of writing, the Word was ſpelt, more generally, *Lone*, than, *Loan*, as it is now.

Fal.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph.*

Phang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Chief Juſtice attended.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.*
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſt-cheap*, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelf, and the mony too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me

me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou did desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her; but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know, you have practis'd upon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman. ——

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sawciness: If a man will court'sie and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect your reputation, and satisfie the poor woman.

Fal.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Maſter *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales*
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ——

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman; — come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the Prodigal, or the *German* Hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries: let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; do'ſt not know me? Come, come, I know, thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill———

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-Sheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſt. and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower.

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord, ——

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here,
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower?*

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *continues in* LONDON.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins.

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe: but that the tennis court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low Countreys have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether thoſe, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen, ſhall inherit his Kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? tell me, how many good young Princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit, I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the Devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick; and

keeping

keeping ſuch vile company, as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks? never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. *Henry.* And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph*.

(7) *Bard.* Come, you virtuous aſs, and baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

(7) Poins. *Come, you virtuous aſs,* &c.] Tho' all the Editions concur in giving this Speech to *Poins*, it ſeems evident to me, by the Page's immediate Reply, that it muſt be placed to *Bardolph*. For *Bardolph* had call'd to the Boy from an Ale-houſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk: and, the Boy being aſham'd of it, 'tis natural for *Bardolph*, a bold unbred Fellow, to banter him on his aukward Baſhfulneſs. I have therefore placed it to him.

Page.

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last, I spy'd his eyes, and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wive's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry.* Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorson upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea*'s dream, away!

P. *Henry.* Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him mony.*

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy master, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good respect; — and how doth the *Martlemas*, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. John Falstaff, knight, ——— Every man must know that, as often as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say, *there is some of the King's blood spilt.* How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: (8) the answer

(8) *The Answer is as ready as a* borrow'd *Cap.*] But how is a *borrow*'d Cap so ready? Read, a *Borrower*'s Cap: and then there is some Humour in it. For a Man, that goes to borrow Money, is of all Others the most complaisant: His Cap is always at hand. Mr. *Warburton.*

is

is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor cousin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But, to the letter: —— *Sir* John Falstaff, *knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *Greeting.*

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. *Henry.* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans *in brevity.*

Poins. Sure, he means brevity in breath; short-winded.

P. *Henry. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his Sister* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewel. Thine, by yea and no; which is as much as to say, as thou usest him.* Jack Falstaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and sisters: and Sir* John *with all* Europe.

Poins. My Lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, *Ned?* must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! But I never said so.

P. *Henry.* Well thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us: is your master here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Where sups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *East-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly,* and Mrs. *Doll Tear-Sheet.*

P. *Henry.* What Pagan may that be?

Page.

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned*, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.* Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-Sheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London*.

P. *Henry.* How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P *Henry.* From a God to a Bull? a heavy declenſion. It was *Jove*'s caſe. From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation; that ſhall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.

L. *North.* I have giv'n over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will: your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my Honour is at pawn,
And, but my Going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy.* Oh, yet, for heav'n's ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When

When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his Pow'rs: but he did look in vain! (9)
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honours lost; yours and your son's,
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the Sun
In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass,
Wherein the noble Youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For those, that could speak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to None, unseconded by You;)
To look upon the hideous God of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspur*'s Name
Did seem defensible: so you left Him.
Never, O, never do his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.

(9) *But he did* long *in vain!*] Nothing of *longing* has been express'd before, which makes me suspect this reading. *Shakespeare*, and most of the Writers of his Time, lov'd a Repetition of the same Word: and, as it is immediately before said, that *Percy* threw many a Northward *Look*, I am persuaded the Poet wrote;

——— *but he did* look *in vain!*

Had

Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To day might I, (hanging on *Hot-ſpur*'s neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-ſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Boar's-head *Tavern in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* WHAT the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns*? thou know'ſt, Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true: the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid,

ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot That.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou can'ſt find out *Sneak*'s Noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-ſheet* would fain hear ſome muſick. Diſpatch! the room where they ſupt is too hot, they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis:* it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out *Sneak.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but, i'faith, you have drank too much canarys, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better then I was: hem.——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court*—empty the jourden —*and was a worthy King:* how now, Mrs. *Dol?*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the

the diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant That, my poor Vertue, grant That.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches: for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely ———

Dol. Hang your ſelf, you muddy Conger, hang your ſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

[*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Piſtol* is below and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hoſteſs?———

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify your ſelf, Sir *John*; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear —— it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your Ancient

cient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me — it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt — neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he; — maſter *Domb* our miniſter was by then; — neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name: (now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon;) for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed, what gueſts you receive: receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions. — There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, Hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppey-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer,

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering by my troth; I am the worſe, when one ſays, ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and* Page.

Piſt. Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol*. Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is Piſtol-proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what?

what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress *Dorothy.*

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the sawcy cuttle with me, Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Pistol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: discharge your self of our company, *Pistol.*

Host. No, good captain *Pistol:* not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? if Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol.*

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: to *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I: down! down, dogs; down, fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Host. Good captain *Peesel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horses

And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,

Compare

Compare with *Cæsars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks?* nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; (10) have we not *Hiren* here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jer? do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come give me some sack. *Si fortuna me tormente, sperato me contente.*
Fear we broad sides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweet-heart, lye thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are *&* *cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

(10) *Have we not* Hiren *here?*

Host. *O' my Word, Captain, there's none such here.*] i. e. Shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible Sword by my side? For, as King *Arthur*'s Swords were call'd *Caliburne* and *Ron*; as *Edward* the Confessor's, *Curtana*: as *Charlemagne*'s, *Joyeuse*; *Orlando*'s, *Durindana*; *Rinaldo*'s, *Fusberta*; and *Rogero*'s, *Balisarda*; so *Pistol*, in Imitation of these Heroes, calls his Sword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis du Gaul* had a Sword of this Name. It seems to belong to some *Spanish* Romance, and we may, perhaps, gather the Reason of the Name from that Language. LA CRUSCA explains *hiriendo*, (the Gerund from *hirir*, to strike;) *en frappant, battendo, percotendo*: From hence it seems probable that *Hiren* may be deriv'd; and so signify a *swashing, cutting* Sword ——— But what wonderful Humour is there in the good Hostess so innocently mistaking *Pistol*'s Drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a Whore in the House, and therefore telling him, *On my word, Captain, there's none such here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?*

Piſt. (11) Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down Stairs; know we not gallo-way nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have inciſion! ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three: come, *Atropos*, I ſay.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

(11) *Sweet Knight, I kiſs thy* Neif.] i. e. I kiſs thy Fiſt. Mr. *Pope* will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a Woman-Slave that is born in one's houſe; and that *Piſtol* would kiſs *Falſtaff*'s domeſtick Miſtreſs *Dol Tearſheet*. But I appeal to every One that ſhall but read the Scene over, whether This could poſſibly be the Poet's Meaning. There is a perfect Fray betwixt *Dol* and *Piſtol*; She calls him an hundred the worſt Names ſhe can think of: He threatens to murder her ruff, and ſays, he could tear her. *Bardolph* would have him be gone; but He ſays, he'll ſee her damn'd firſt: And *Dol*, on the other hand, wants him to be thruſt down ſtairs, and ſays, She can't endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcal. I ſhould very little expect, that theſe Parties, in ſuch a Ferment, ſhould come to kiſſing. And I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpear* thought of no Reconciliation: For the Brawl is kept on, 'till it riſes to drawing Swords; and *Piſtol*, among 'em, is huſtled down ſtairs. I can't think, any more is intended by the Poet than This: that *Falſtaff*, Weary of *Piſtol*'s wrangling, tells him, He would be quiet: and that *Piſtol*, who had no Quarrel with Sir *John* but a ſort of Dependence on him, ſpeaks the Knight fair, and tells, him *that he kiſſes his* Fiſt.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So: murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whorſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk; you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me! ———

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face ——— come on, you whorſon chops — ah, rogue! I love thee, ——thou art as valourous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine Worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir,

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'd'ſt him like a church: thou whorſon little tidie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not ſpeak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, *Poins* has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! — his wit

is as thick as *Tewksbury* muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their *Averdupois*.

P. *Henry*. Would not this Nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry*. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol*.

P. *Henry*. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not liſping to his maſter's old Tables, his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive mony on *Thurſday*: Thou ſhalt have a cap to morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove, that ever I dreſs my ſelf handſom till thy return ——— Well, hearken the end.

Fal.

Fal. Some ſack, *Francis.*

P. *Henry. Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry.* Very true, Sir, ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the lord preſerve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London.*—— Now heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whorſon-mad compound of Majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whorſon candle-myne, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you run away by *Gads-hill*; you knew, I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal,* on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned,* in the world; honeſt *Ned,* none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked

might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry*. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine Hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. *Henry*. For the women, ——

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor ſouls: for the other, I owe her mony; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. *Henry*. You, gentlewoman, ——

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays That, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis*.

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry*. *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied Poſts
Come from the North; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,

Bare-

Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry*. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak: *Falſtaff*, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick't. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently: a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah: farewel, Hoſteſs; farewel, *Dol*. You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt —— well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thy ſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit*.

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*, ——

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Palace in* LONDON.

Enter King Henry *in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters.
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousands of my poorest Subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasie pallets stretching thee,
And hush't with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsom beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious Surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurley, death it self awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose

To

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then, happy low! lye down;
Uneasie lyes the head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!
K. *Henry.* Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Henry. (12) Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters I sent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our Kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.
K. *Henry.* Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt it self
Into the Sea; and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips: how Chances mock,

(12) *Why then good morrow to you* all, *my Lords: Have you read o'er*, &c.] I must account for the Change I have ventur'd at here. In the preceding Page the King sends Letters to *Surrey* and *Warwick*, with Charge that they should read them and attend him. Accordingly here *Surrey* and *Warwick* come, and no body else, in Obedience to that Summons. The King would hardly have said *Good morrow* to You *All*, to two Peers, and no more. My Emendation wants no further Support, than This naked Stating of the Case.

And

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten Years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feast together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since,
This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember) [*To* War.
When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'*Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
'My cousin *Bolingbroke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no such intent;
But that Necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kiss:)
'The time shall come, (thus did he follow it,)
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
'Shall break into corruption: so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the Nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesie,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on You.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry.* Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The Pow'rs, that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. *Henry.* I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Justice* Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Justices*; *with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin *Silence?*

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow.*

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say, my cousin *William* is become a good scholar: he is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of *Clement*'s-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cot's-wold* man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*, (now Sir *John*) a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan*'s head at the Court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a fruiterer behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure: Death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! see, see, he drew a good bow: and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much mony on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clowt at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. ——— How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this Country, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: better accommodated —— it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated —— it comes of *accommodo*; very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your good hand, give me your Worſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow:* Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think, ——

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my couſin *Silence*; in Commiſſion with me.

Fal.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits, you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy:* — let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy?*

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John?* a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy?*

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. — Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's

ther's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble:* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter *Shallow,* deep, maſter *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bull-calf.*

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bull-calf,* till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain, ——

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon Cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his Coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. O, Sir *John,* do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow,* no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-roba.* Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old, and had *Robin Night-work*

work by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen That, that this knight and I have ſeen! —— hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, hem, boys.——Come, let's to dinner; Oh, the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

Bul. Good maſter corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten ſhillings in *French* Crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old Dame's ſake ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old and cannot help her ſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: — I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bull-calf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Fal.

Fal. Mouldy, and *Bull-calf*: ——— for you, *Mouldy*, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you ſee, what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: and, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, (13) I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur*'s Show; there was a little quiver fellow, and he would

(13) *I was then Sir* Dagonet *in* Arthur's *Show.*] The only Intelligence I have glean'd of this worthy Wight, Sir *Dagonet*, is from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *burning Peſtle*.

Boy. *Beſides, it will ſhew ill favouredly to have a* Grocer's Prentice *to court a King's Daughter.*

Cit. *Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in Hiſtories! I pray you, what was Sir* Dagonet? *Was not he* Prentice *to a* Grocer *in* London? *Read the Play of The* Four Prentices *of* London, *where they toſs their Pikes ſo: &c.*

ma-

manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow,

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, master *Silence*. I will not use many words with you, fare you well; gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember him at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rere-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. (14) And now is this

(14) *And now is this* Vice's *Dagger.*] By *Vice* here the Poet means that *drole* Character in the old Plays, (which I have several

this Vice's dagger become a Squire. and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-ſkin: the caſe of a treble hoboy was a Manſion for him, a Court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt in* Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings *and* Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.

York. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

ſeveral times mention'd in the courſe of theſe Notes,) equipp'd with Aſſes Ears and a Wooden Dagger. It is very ſatirical in *Falſtaff* to compare *Shallow*'s Activity and Impertinence to ſuch a Machine as a *wooden Dagger* in the Hands and Management of a *Buffoon*.

New-

New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?

Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Weſt. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter.*

York. Say on, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

Weſt. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend Father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection

With

With your fair honours. You, my lord Arch-biſhop,
Whoſe See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The Dove and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end: we are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our ſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt noble lord of *Weſtmorland*,
I take not on me here as a phyſician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge th' obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee, which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our moſt Quiet there,
By the rough torrent of occaſion;
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Ev'n by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,

(Whoſe

(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the Examples
Of every minute's inſtance, preſent now,
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine, (15)
And conſecrate Commotion's Civil Page?

York. My brother general, the Common-wealth,
To brother born an houſehold Cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before:
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. O my good lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,

(15) *Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine?*] In one of my Old *Quarto's* of 1600 (for I have Two of the ſelf-ſame Edition; one of which 'tis evident, was corrected in ſome Paſſages during the working off the whole Impreſſion;) after the Line above quoted I found this Verſe,

And conſecrate Commotion's civil Edge.

I have thought the Verſe worth preſerving, and ventur'd to ſubſtitute *Page* for *Edge*, with regard to the Uniformity of Metaphor. Tho', I confeſs, the Latter may very well do in this Senſe: that the Sword of Rebellion, drawn by a Biſhop, may in ſome Sort be ſaid to be conſecrated by his Reverence: as the King, afterwards, talking of going to the Holy Wars, ſays.

We'll draw no Swords, but What are ſanctified.

And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?
The King, that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke* ;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw ;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak, lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd ?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry* ;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him ; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King. (16)
But

(16) *And bleſs'd and grac'd* more than the King himſelf.] The Two oldeſt Folio's (which firſt gave us this ſpeech of *Weſtmorland*) read this Line thus ;

And bleſs'd and grac'd, and did *more than the King.*

Dr.

But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe. ——
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battel is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. That is intended in the General's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantal form;
And preſent executions of our wills

Dr. *Thirlby* ſaw it was corrupted by the Tranſcribers, and gave me that eaſy Cure, with which I have reform'd the Text, ſo very near to the Traces of the corrupted Reading.

To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you, lords,
In ſight of both our battles, we may meet; (17)
And either end in peace, (which heaven ſo frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it.

York. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* Weſt.

Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That ev'ry ſlight and falſe derived cauſe,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action.
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therfore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion;

(17) *In ſight of Both our Battles, we may meet*
At either end in Peace (which heav'n ſo frame!
Or to the Place of Diff'rence, &c.] The Alteration which I have made here in the Pointing, and that eaſy, but certain, Change in the Text, I owe to the Direction of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

His

His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is retun'd my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my lord we come.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

Laun. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*;
Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-biſhop,
And ſo to you, lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſs? With you, lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it ſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The Subjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time miſ-order'd doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us and and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With Grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true Obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo Succeſs of miſchief ſhall be born,

And heir from heir shall hold his quarrel up,
While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And Some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Pow'rs unto their several Counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these Redresses.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.

York. To you, my noble lord of *Westmorland*.

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin *Mowbray*.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, Coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to morrow.

York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they ſhout.
Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.
York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit* Weſt.
And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.
York. Go, good lord *Haſtings:*
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* Haſtings.
Lan. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lie to night together.

Re-enter Weſtmorland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The Leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth: or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.
Weſt. Good tidings, my lord *Haſtings*; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:
And you, lord Arch-biſhop, and you, lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you Redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will

I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n, and not we, hath ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.*

[*Exit* Weſt.

Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome Gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæſar*, —— I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſie than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have Right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,

You

You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thyſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his Confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Coleville.
And now diſpatch we tow'rd the Court, my lords;
I hear, the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, 'pray, ſtand my good Lord in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and ſettled,

tled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardise; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till Sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glouceſterſhire*, and there will I visit master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace at* Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. Henry. NOW, lords, if heav'n doth give successful end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our Navy is addrest, our Power collected,

Our

Our Subſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pauſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoak of Government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. Henry. *Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windſor*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humourous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
'Till that his paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,

And

West. My sovereign lord, chear up your self, look up.
War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll strait be well.
Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great Grandsire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the musick in the other room.
K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who saw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physick.

War.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords; ſweet Prince,
ſpeak low;
The king, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?
P. *Henry.* No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.
[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.
Why doth the Crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lyes a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs Down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden Rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy Due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial Crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole
ſtrength
Into one gyant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal Honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your
Grace? *K. Henry.*

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege, Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.

Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither ſtrait; this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this, engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry flower,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the Bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſsments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
'Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,

That

That Tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would, by beholding him have wafh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Ex. Lords.*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you fpeak again.

K. Henry. Thy wifh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ftay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doft thou fo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveft thee with my Honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolifh youth!
Thou feek'ft the Greatnefs, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling with fo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haft ftoln That, which, after fome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haft feal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeft, thou lov'dft me not;
And thou wilt have me die aflur'd of it.
Thou hid'ft a thoufand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haft whetted on thy ftony heart,
To ftab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canft thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thy felf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that fhould bedew my herfe,
Be drops of balm to fanctifie thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duft,
Give That, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you fage Councellors, hence;
And to the *Engliſh* Court aflemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of Idlenefs:

Now,

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble Guilt;
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint; and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry.* O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble Change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,

Pre-

Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the Might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I my ſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a Scene,
Acting that Argument: And now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.

Yet

Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt Reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign Quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry*. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my Poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd, Trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my lord of *Warwick?*

P. *Henry*. My lord of *Warwick*.

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,

I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Shallow's *Seat in* Gloſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and* Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to night. What! *Davy*, I ſay ——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*, ——

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee; yea, marry, *William* Cook, bid him come hither. —Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy.* But, for *William* Cook, — are there no young Pidgeons.

Davy. Yea, Sir — Here is now the Smith's note for ſhoeing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid — Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs

needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckly* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' Court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot* againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your Worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore, I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John?* come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horſes.

horſes. ——— If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded-hermites-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens' ſpirits and his: they, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſervingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe Bearing or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up,

Shal. [*within.*] Sir *John* ———

Fal. I come, maſter *Shallow*; I come, maſter *Shallow*. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

SCENE *changes to the Court, in* London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. HOW now, my lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would, his Majeſty had call'd me with him.

The ſervice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm my ſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſie.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſtice. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, couſin *Warwick.*

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much Talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you've loſt a friend indeed;
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Clar. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in Honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty!

K. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* Court;
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry Harry*. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that *Harry*'s dead; and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not.
[*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

K. *Henry.* No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his Power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his Law,
While I was buſie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my Place,
The Majeſty and Pow'r of Law and Juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;

And ſtruck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much prophan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And as you are a King, ſpeak in your State,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

P. *Henry*. You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh, your Honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
'That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
'And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
'That would deliver up his Greatneſs ſo
'Into the hand of juſtice. —— You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:

My

My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his Grave, (18)
For in his tomb lye my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
Now call we our high Court of Parliament;

(18) *My Father is gone* wail'd *into his Grave,*
(*For in his Tomb lye my Affections*)]. This ridculous Reading (which, I presume, is Mr. *Pope*'s Conjecture, unsupported by Authorities, or Reason;) is not only Nonsense in it self, but is the Cause that Nonsense possesses the following Verses. The Poet certainly wrote, as I have restor'd with all the old Copies. "My Father, says the Prince, is gone *wild* "into his Grave, for now all my *wild* Affections lye intomb'd "with him: and I survive with his *sober* Spirit and Dispo- "sition, to disappoint those Expectations the Publick have "form'd of me." This the Prince had resolv'd to do, upon his Father's Demise; as we have heard from his own Mouth:

——— *If I do feign,*
O, let me in my present Wildness *dye:*
And never live to shew th' incredulous World
The noble Change *that I have* purposed!

That he did make this Change, we hear from the Archbishop in the Beginning of *Henry* V.

The Breath no sooner left his Father's body,
But that his Wildness, mortified *in him,*
Seem'd to dye *too.*

These two Quotations very plainly assert our Poet's Reading, and are flagrant Testimonies of Mr. *Pope*'s unhappy Fatality in guessing wrong.

And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our State may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To the Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our State,
And (Heaven conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* SHALLOW'S *Seat in* Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth: come, couſin *Silence*; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*; marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, ſpread, *Davy*; well ſaid, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Maſs, I have drank too much Sack at ſupper. —— A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,
We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good maſter *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal.

Shal. Give Mr *Bardolph* ſome wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit: good maſter Page, ſit: proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter *Bardolph*, and my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are Shrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think, maſter *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy. ——

Davy. Your Worſhip —— I'll be with you ſtraight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,*
That's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter *Silence*.

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll drink to maſter *Bardolph*, and to all the cavileroes about *London*.

Davy. I hope to ſee *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy*, ——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together; ha, will you not, master *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* Samingo. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Davy. If it please your Worship, there's one *Pistol* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol?*

Pist. Sir *John*, 'save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol?*

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, sweet Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of *Barson.*

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base?
Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend;
And helter skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldings base!
I speak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. O base *Assyrian* Knight, what is thy news?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil.

Sil. And *Robin-hood, Scarlet,* and *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? *Bezonian,* ſpeak or die. (19)

Shal. Under King *Henry.*

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!
Sir *John,* thy tender Lamb-kin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard.*

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph,* ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow,* chuſe what office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol,* I will double charge thee with Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed: maſter *Shallow,* my lord *Shallow,* be what thou wilt, I am fortune's Steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh,

(19) —— Bezonian, *ſpeak or die.*] So again *Suffolk* ſays in 2 *Henry* VI.

Great Men oft die by vile Bezonians.

We are not to imagine this any Nation of People; but it is a Term of Reproach, frequent in the Writers contemporary with our Poet, and of *Italian* Extraction. *Biſogno,* among other Significations, means, *Neceſſity*; and *Biſognoſo,* a *needy* Perſon; thence, metaphorically, a baſe Scoundrel.

ſweet *Piſtol!* away, *Bardolph:* come, *Piſtol*, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thy ſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow*. I know, the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes: the Laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* London.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child, I go with, do miſcarry, thou had'ſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwindg'd, I'll forſwear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that Right ſhould thus o'ercome Might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a Juſtice.
Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones! ——
Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou!
Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!
Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a publick Place near* Weſtminſter-*Abbey*.

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* MORE ruſhes, more ruſhes.
2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.
1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the Coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch.
[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.
Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.
Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor Show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.
Shal. It doth ſo.
Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.
Piſt. It doth ſo.
Fal. My devotion.
Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.
Shal. It is moſt certain.
Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all

all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rowze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s ſnake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet-clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you, what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, (hence!) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,

Approach

Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to Evil:
And, as we hear you do reform your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King*, &c.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour,——

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Piſtol*; come, *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.

Piſt.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento. (20)
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaster, *and Chief Justice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

(20) *Si Fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*] This false *Italian* is not from the Editors, but purposely from the Author. *Pistol*, as an ignorant Fellow, but an Affecter of Languages, quotes a Scrap he has heard, at all Adventures; not knowing whether he is right, or believing that any of the Company know. It seems to me a Fragment from some *Chanson*, or *Madrigal*; and, perhaps, stood thus in the Original.

Si Fortuna me tormenta,
La Speranza *me contenta.*

If Fortune afflict me, I'll wrap my self up contented in the hope of her growing kinder.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sie; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſie, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Catharine *of* France; *where, for any thing I know,* Falſtaff *ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already he*

be kill'd with your hard opinions: for Oldcastle *died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.*

H. Gravelot del. Vol: 4. P. 281. G. V.dr Gucht Scul.

THE LIFE OF *HENRY* V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter,
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Clarence,
} *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter,
} *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Weſtmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey,
} *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris,
Jamy,
} *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Boy,
} *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates,
Court,
Williams,
} *Soldiers.*

Charles, *King of* France.
The Dauphin.

Duke

Duke of Burgundy.

Conſtable,
Orleans,
Rambures,
Bourbon,
Grandpree,
} French *Lords.*

Governour of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Hoſteſs.*
CHORUS.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The Scene, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

O *For a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend*
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the port of Mars; *and, at his heels,*
(Leaſht in, like hounds,) ſhould famine, ſword and fire
Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France? *or may we cram,*
Within this wooden O, *the very caſkes*
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O, pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe, within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whoſe high-up-reared, and abutting fronts,
The perillous narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this hiſtory;*
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

The LIFE of King *HENRY* V. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, *An* Antechamber *in the* Engliſh *Court, at* Kenilworth.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.

MY lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed, againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

(1) *The* Life *of K.* Henry.] The Tranſactions compriz'd in this Hiſtorical Play, commence about the latter end of the firſt, and terminate in the 8th Year of this King's reign; when he married *Catharine* Princeſs of *France*, and cloſed up the Differences betwixt *England* and that Crown.

Cant.

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
T'invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſick.

Turn

Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied ſentences:
So that the Act, and practic part of life, (2)
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholſom berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,

(2) *So that the* Art *and* practic *part of Life,*] All the Editions, if I am not deceiv'd, are guilty of a ſlight Corruption in this Paſſage. The Archbiſhop has been ſhewing, what a Maſter the King was in the Theory of Divinity, War and Policy: ſo that it muſt be expected (as I conceive, he would infer;) that the King ſhould now wed that Theory to Action, and the putting the ſeveral parts of his Knowledge into practice. If this be our Author's Meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote,

So that the Act, *and practic*, &c.

Thus we have a Conſonance in the Terms and Senſe. For Theory is the Art, and Study of the Rules of any Science; and Action, the Exemplification of thoſe Rules by Proof and Experiment.

Urg'd

Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual Convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
And, generally, to the Crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o' clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exe.*

SCENE *opens to the* Preſence.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. WHERE is my gracious lord of *Canterbury?*

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

Weſt. Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege? —

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and *France.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, how you impawn our perſon;
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*;
In terram Salicam *Mulieres nè ſuccedant*;
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike *land*:
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjuſtly gloze

To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the great, having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and settled certain *French*:
Who, holding in disdain the *German* women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not devised for the realm of *France*;
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly suppos'd, the founder of this law;)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the great,
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the Crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of *Charles* the great,
To fine his title with some shews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himself as heir to th' lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the son
To *Lewis* the Emperor, which was the son
Of *Charles* the great. Also King *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd

That

That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles, (3)
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince;
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*;

(3) *Than* openly imbrace] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, and not any ways authoriz'd that I can find. But where is the *Antitheſis* betwixt *hide* in the preceding Line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old *Folio's* read, *Than amply to* imbarre——But here is a ſlight Corruption in the Spelling, by the ſuperfluous Reduplication of a Letter. We certainly muſt either read (as Mr. *Warburton* advis'd me,) —— *Than amply to* imbare —— (or as I had ſuſpected, *unbare*;) i. e. lay open, make naked, diſplay to View. I am ſurpriz'd, Mr. *Pope* did not ſtart this Conjecture, as Mr. *Rowe* has led the way to it in his Edition, who reads;

Than amply to make bare *their crooked Titles.*

While his moſt mighty Father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze your ſelf;
As did the former Lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know, your Grace hath cauſe; and means and might (4)
So hath your Highneſs; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and ſword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. Henry. We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

(4) *They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means and might;*
So hath your highneſs, never King of England
Had Nobles richer, ——] Thus has this Speech hitherto been moſt ſtupidly pointed, without any regard to common Senſe. As I have regulated it, we ſee the Poet's Drift, and come at an eaſy and natural Reaſoning.

Cant.

Cant. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Henry. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by her ſelf;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of *Scots*; whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with priſoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouzy bottom of the Sea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.
Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To taint, and havock, more than ſhe can eat. (5)

(5) *To* tear *and havock more than ſhe can eat.*] 'Tis not much the Quality of the Mouſe to tear the Food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old Quarto reads, *ſpoile*; and the two firſt folio's, *tame*; from which laſt corrupted Word, I think, I have retriev'd the Poet's genuine Reading, *taint*.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a 'scus'd neceſſity ; (6)
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed head defends it ſelf at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent;
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey Bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King, and officers of ſort;
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home:
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who, buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference

(6) *Yet that is but a* curs'd *Neceſſity*;] So the old Quarto. The *folio's* read *cruſh'd*: Neither of the Words convey any tolerable Idea; but give us a counter-reaſoning, and not at all pertinent. 'Tis *Exeter's* buſineſs to ſhew, there is no real Neceſſity for ſtaying at home: he muſt therefore mean, that tho' there be a ſeeming Neceſſity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over*. Mr. *Warburton*.

To

To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town:
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, once a-foot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*;
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the meſſengers, ſent from the *Dauphin*,
Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth;
Not worſhipt with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s meaning, and our embaſſie?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highness, lately sending into *France*,
Did claim some certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predecessor, *Edward* the third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you (meeter for your spirit)
This tun of treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We're glad, the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not measuring, what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of *England*,
And therefore, living hence, did give our self
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sail of Greatness;
When I do rowze me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*;
Yea, strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.

And

And tell the pleasant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance,
That shall fly with them : many thousand widows
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin*'s scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
To venge me as I may ; and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the *Dauphin*,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. *Henry.* We hope to make the sender blush at it :
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings : for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of *England* are on fire, (7)
And

(7). *Now all the Youth of* England] I have replaced this *Chorus* here, by the Authority of the Old *Folio's* ; and ended the first *Act*, as the Poet certainly intended. Mr. *Pope* remov'd it because (says He) *This* Chorus *manifestly is intended*

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian Kings
With winged heels, as *English Mercuries.*
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With Crowns imperial; Crowns, and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *English* purposes.
O *England?* model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,

to advertise the Spectators of the Change of the Scene to Southampton; *and therefore ought to be placed just before that Change, and not here.* 'Tis true, the Spectators are to be inform'd, that, when they next see the King, they are to suppose him at *Southampton.* But This does not imply any Necessity of this *Chorus* being contiguous to that Change. On the contrary, the very concluding Lines vouch absolutely against it.

But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton *do we shift our Scene.*

For how absurd is such a Notice, if the Scene is to change, so soon as ever the *Chorus* quits the Stage? Besides, unless this *Chorus* be prefix'd to the Scene betwixt *Nim, Bardolph,* &c. We shall draw the Poet into another Absurdity. *Pistol, Nim,* and *Bardolph* are in the Scene talking of going to the Wars in *France:* but the King had but just, at his quitting the Stage, declar'd his Resolutions of commencing this War: And without the *Interval* of an *Act,* betwixt that Scene and the Comic Characters entring, how could They with any Probability be informed of this intended Expedition?

One,

One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the second,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*:
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere He take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*.
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit;
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back; charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before* QUICKLY'*s Houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

WELL met, Corporal *Nim*. (8)

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bard. What, are Ancient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nim.

(8) Bard. *Well met, Corporal* Nim.] I have choſe to begin the 2d *Act* here, becauſe each Act may cloſe regularly with a *Chorus*.

Nim. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to *France:* let it be so, good corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges: it must be as it may; tho' patience be a tir'd Mare, yet she will plod, there must be conclusions; well, I cannot tell, ——

Enter Pistol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Pistol* and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host *Pistol?*

Pist. Base tyke, call'st thou me host? now by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; nor shall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O welli-

Chorus. Not that I am persuaded, this was the Poet's Intention to mark the *Intervals* of his *Acts:* as the *Chorus* did on the old *Grecian* Stage. He had no Occasion of this sort: since, in his Time, the Pauses of Action were fill'd up, as now, with a Lesson of Musick: But the Reasons for this Distribution are explain'd in the Note immediately preceding this.

day

day lady, if he be not drawn! (9) Now we shall see wilful adultery, and murther committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish! ——

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs; yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth.
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Pistol's* cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier.

Pist. An Oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

(9) *O welliday Lady, if he be not* hewn *now,*] I cannot understand the Drift of this Expression. If he be not *hewn*, must signify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that Case, the very Thing is suppos'd, which *Quickly* was apprehensive of. But I rather think, her Fright arises upon seeing their Swords drawn: and I have ventur'd to make a slight Alteration accordingly. *If he has not drawn*, for, *if he has not his Sword drawn*, is an Expression familiar with our Poet.

Nim.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe à gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of *Crete,* think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle go.
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Cressid*'s kind,
Dol Tear sheet, she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th' only she; and *pauca,* there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host *Pistol,* you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph,* put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of these days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exit* Quick.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? we must to *France* together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on! ———

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim,* an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee;
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood.

I'll

I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me.
Is not this just? for I shall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nim, thou hast spoken the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* SOUTHAMPTON.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Westmorland.

Bed. 'FORE God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sate,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!
[*Trumpets sound.*

Enter

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Mosham*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steept their gauls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh it self with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest example
Breed (by his suff'rance) more of such a kind.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? we'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Grey*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes;
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my lord.
Your Highneſs bad me ask for it to day.
Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.
Grey. And I, my Sovereign.
K. Henry. Then *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours, lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Henry. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! my lord *Cambridge* here,

You

You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe:
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe:
Working ſo groſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by-treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he, that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up;
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman*'s.

Oh,

Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou: or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, nor ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the ear, but with the eye, (10)
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, (11)
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man——Their faults are open;
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

(10) *Not working with the* Eye without the Ear,] He is here giving the Character of a compleat Gentleman, and ſays, he did not *truſt his Eye without the Confirmation of his Ear.* But was ever any thing ſo prepoſterous? When Men have Eye-ſight-proof, they think they have ſufficient Evidence, and don't ſtay for the Confirmation of an Hear-ſay. But prudent Men, on the contrary, won't truſt the credit of the Ear, till it be confirmed by the Demonſtration of the Eye. And this is that Conduct for which the King would here commend him. So that we muſt aſſuredly read,

Not working with the Ear, but with the Eye.

Mr. *Warburton.*

(11) *And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,*
To make *the full-fraught Man,* the beſt, endued
With ſome Suſpicion.] Thus Mr. *Pope* has ſtop'd this Paſſage. If he underſtands the Senſe of it, as it ſtands here, it is more than I do; or if he believes, that, to *make a Man endued with Suſpicion,* was the Phraſe of our Author, I muſt beg to be excus'd if I have not ſo much Credulity. I am perſuaded, I have reſcued the Text from the Obſcurity and Corruption it lay under.

Exe-

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er my ſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! hear your ſentence;
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure; and true Repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Quickly's *houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy and* Quickly.

Quick. PR'ythee, honey-ſweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſtol. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting veins:
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead,
And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s boſom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child; a' parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th' tide: For after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for (12) his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and a' babled

(12) *His Noſe was as ſharp as a Pen*, and a Table of green fields.] So the firſt *Folio*. Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, that theſe Words, *and a Table of green fields*, are not in the old *Quarto's*. *This Nonſenſe*, (continues He) *got into all the following Editions by a pleaſant Miſtake of the Stage-Editors, who printed from the common peacemeal-written Parts in the Play-houſe. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a Scene in a Tavern*

led of green fields. How now, Sir *John?* quoth I: what, man? be of good cheer: ſo a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him bid him, a' ſhou'd not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim.

Tavern where they drink at parting;) and this Direction crept into the Text from the Margin. Greenfield *was the Name of the Property-man in that time, who furniſh'd Implements,* &c. *for the Actors.* *A* Table *of* Greenfield's. ——— As to the Hiſtory of *Greenfield* being then Property-man, whether it was really ſo, or it be only a *gratis dictum,* is a Point which I ſhall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal Direction, and ſuppoſe that a Table of *Greenfield*'s was wanting; yet it never was cuſtomary in the Prompter's Book, (much leſs, in the peacemeal Parts;) where any ſuch Directions are marginally inſerted for Properties or Implements wanted, to add the Property-man's Name, whoſe Buſineſs it was to provide them. Beſides, the furniſhing Chairs and Tables is not the Province of the Property-man, but of the Scene-keepers. But there is a ſtronger Objection yet againſt this Obſervation advanced by the Editor. He ſeems to imagine, that when Implements are wanted in any Scene, the Direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that Scene, though the Things are to be got ready againſt the Beginning of it. But the Directions for *Entrances* and *Properties* wanting, ('tis well known,) are always mark'd in the Book at about a Page in Quantity before the Actors quoted are to enter, or the Properties to be uſed; that the Stage may not ſtand ſtill. And therefore, *Greenfield*'s Table can be of no Uſe to us for this Scene. Nor, indeed, is any Table requiſite. The Scene, 'tis true, is in a Tavern; but the Company have no Buſineſs to ſit down. There is not the leaſt Intimation of any Drink going round: It is in *Piſtol*'s own Houſe, as he had married *Quickly:* he and his Comerades are on their Feet, and juſt ſetting out for *France.* The Deſcription of *Falſtaffe*'s Death, and what he talk'd of, is the only thing that retards them for a few Minutes;

Nim. They ſay, he cried out of Sack.

Quick. Ay, and that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember, he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my Duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,

nutes: after which they kiſs their Hoſteſs, and part. The Conjectural Emendation I have given, is ſo near to the Traces of the Letters in the corrupted Text; that I have ventur'd to inſert it as the genuine Reading. It has certainly been obſerv'd (in particular, by the Superſtition of Women;) of People near Death, when they are delirious by a Fever, that they talk of *removing:* as it has of Thoſe in a Calenture, that they have their heads run on *green Fields.*——To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or ſpeak indiſcriminately, like Children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying Perſons, when they are loſing the Uſe of Speech.

Let

Let us to *France*; like Horſe-leeches, my boys,
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *King's Palace.*

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. THUS come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line, and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples;
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*

And

And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humourous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſie;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots,
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable.
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And, Princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy*-battle fatally was ſtruck;
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales*:
While that his mounting fire, on mountain ſtanding, (13)
Up

(13) *While that his* mountain *Sire, on mountain ſtanding,*] But why *mountain* Sire? The *French* King does not mean to ſay

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroick ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature: and deface
The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when, what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the Crown;
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours, that pertain

any thing derogatory, or ſcoffingly of King *Edward* the Third; nor is the Size, or Stature of King *Edward* alluded to, as if he had been *inſtar Montis*. I have no doubt, but our Author intended *mounting Sire*, i. e. high-minded, aſpiring. In this Senſe, in the firſt Act, the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* ſeems to be ſpeaking of this Prince.

While his moſt mighty *Father on a* hill, *&c.*

By

By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the* French *King a Paper.*
Willing you over-look this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the Crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove:*
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſie.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin,*
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall hide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe*:
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,)
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you ſhall know our mind at full.
[*Flouriſh.*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Peer (14)
Embark

(14) *The well-appointed King at* Dover *peer*
Embark his Royalty.] Thus all the Editions downwards, implicitly, after the firſt *Folio*. But could the Poet poſſibly be ſo diſcordant from himſelf, (and the Chronicles, which he copied;) to make the King here embark at *Dover*; when he has before

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this Fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women;
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe, th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back;
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

before told us ſo preciſely, and that ſo often over, that he embark'd at *Southampton?* I dare acquit the Poet from ſo flagrant a Variation. The Indolence of a Tranſcriber, or a Compoſitor at Preſs, muſt give Riſe to ſuch an Error. They, ſeeing *Peer* at the End of the Verſe, unluckily thought of *Dover*-peer, as the beſt known to them: and ſo unawares corrupted the Text.

ACT III.

SCENE, *before HARFLEUR.*

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

King HENRY.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with the *Engliſh* dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,

And

And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England!* and St. *George!*

[*Exeunt* King, *and Train.*

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-house in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail,
I wou'd not stay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nim. These be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they

three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch Anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens' pockets, as their gloves or their hand-kerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines; by *Cheſhu*, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu*, he is an Aſs, as is in the world; I will verifie as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Capt.* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I ſay, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worſhip, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh law, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion; and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the

town is beſeech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i' th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation ——

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as good a man as your ſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a man as my ſelf; ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *before the Gates of* Harfleur.

Enter King Henry *and his train.*

K. Henry. HOW yet reſolves the Governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defie us to our worſt; as I'm a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may, as bootleſs, ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a-ſhoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murther, ſpoil and villany.
If not; why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand

Defile

Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſht to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. Henry. Open your gates: come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear Uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
To night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt;
To morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

SCENE, *the* French *Court.*

Enter Catharine, *and an old Gentlewoman.*

Cath. ALICE, *tu as eſté en* Angleterre, *& tu parles bien le language.* (15).

Alice.

(15) Cath. Alice, *tu as été*] I have regulated ſeveral Speeches in this *French* Scene: Some whereof were given to *Alice*, and yet evidently belong'd to *Catharine*: and ſo, *vice verſâ*. It is not material to diſtinguiſh the particular Tranſpoſitions I have made. Mr. *Gildon* has left no bad Remark, I think, with Re-

gard

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie de m'enseigner; il faut, que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois.*

Alice. *La main, ell' eſt appellée, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et le doyt?*

Alice. *Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me ſouviendra le doyt; je penſe, qu'ils ont appellé des fingres; ouy, de fingres.*

Cath. *La main, de hand; le doyt, le fingres. Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J' ay gaignée deux mots d' Anglois viſtement; comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Eſcoutes: dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C'eſt bien dit, madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez apprins dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

Cath. *Excuſe moy,* Alice; *eſcoutez; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Signeur Dieu! je m'en oublie d' elbow; comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck; & le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De ſin: le col, de neck: le menton, de ſin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur, en verité, vous prononces les mots auſſi droict, que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

gard to our Poet's Conduct in the Character of this Princeſs: *for why He ſhould not allow her* (ſays he) *to ſpeak in* Engliſh *as well as all the other* French, *I can't imagine: ſince it adds no Beauty; but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force.*

Cath.

Cath. *Je ne doute point d' apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N' avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignée?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement; d' hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme.*

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur, d' elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds, & de robe.*

Alice. *Le foot, madame, & le coun.*

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d' honneur d' uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autrefois ma leçon enſemble; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Preſence-Chamber in the* French *Court.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'TIS certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our father's luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but baſtard *Normans*; *Norman* baſtards. *Mort*

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion*.

Con. Dieu de Batailles! why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen iſicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the *Engliſh* dancing-ſchools,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and ſwift *Curranto's*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy*, the herald? ſpeed him hence;
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
You, dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtraile*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights;
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land

With

With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur*:
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, (you have pow'r enough,)
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſht in their march:
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mountjoy*;
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp*.

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. HOW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an Ancient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my conſcience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation

tion in the world, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Pistol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddess blind that stands upon the rolling restless stone ———

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Pistol:* Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signifie to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signifie to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him; for he hath stoln a *Pix,* and hanged must a' be; damned death! (16)

Let

(16) *For he hath stol'n a* Pax,] Thus all the Editions, from the very *first:* "And this is conformable to History, (says "Mr. *Pope*;) a Soldier (as *Hall* tells us) being hang'd at this Time for such a Fact," ——— But to see this Gentleman's Accuracy, and Inaccuracy, in one and the same Circumstance! Both *Hall* and *Holingshead* agree as to the point of the *Theft*; but as to the Thing *stoln*, there is not that Conformity betwixt them and Mr. *Pope*. But let us see, what is understood by a *Pax*. It was an ancient Custom, at the Celebration of Mass, that when the Priest pronounc'd these Words, *Pax Domini*

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *Pix* of little price. Therefore, go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain* ——— [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are

mini ſit ſemper vobiſcum! The *Peace* of the Lord be always with you! both Clergy and People kiſs'd one another. And This was call'd *Oſculum Pacis*, the *Kiſs* of *Peace*. But that Cuſtom being abrogated, a certain Image is now preſented to be kiſs'd, which, as moſt Catholicks know, is call'd a *Pax*. But it was not this Image, which *Bardolph* ſtole; it was a *Pix*; or little cheſt, (from the *Latin* Word, *Pixis*, a Box;) in which the conſecrated *Hoſt* was uſed to be kept. "A fooliſh Sol-"dier (ſays *Hall* expreſsly, and *Holingſhead* after him;) ſtole "a *Pix* out of a Church; and unreverently did eat the *holy* "*Hoſtes within the ſame contained.*" Is there the leaſt Queſtion, but that our Poet's Text muſt be ſet right from theſe Chronicles?

perfect

perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-turned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suite of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge. (17)

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, *and his poor soldiers.*

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen,* cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of

17 *The King is coming, and I must* speak with him from the pridge.] "*Speak with him from the Bridge*, Mr. *Pope* tells us, "it is added in the latter Editions; but that it is plain from "the Sequel, that the Scene here continues, and the affair of "the bridge is over." 'Tis plain, this is a most inaccurate Criticism. The Scene, 'tis true, continues, and the Affair of the bridge is over; but these Words are to be continued for all That. Tho' the Affair of the Bridge be over, is That a Reason, that the King must receive no Intelligence from thence? *Fluellen,* who comes from the Bridge, means no more than this, that he wants to acquaint the King with the Transactions that had happen'd there and with the Duke of *Exeter*'s having repuls'd the *French* from thence. And this is what he calls *speaking to the King from the Bridge.*

the

the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry*. What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire; ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K. *Henry*. We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no *French* upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry*. Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry*. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King: ſay thou to *Harry England*,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Advantage is a better ſoldier than raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
'Till it were ripe. Now, ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: *England* ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted;

To

To anſwer which, his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt for our loſs, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. *Henry.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for, to ſay the ſooth,
(Though it is no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an Enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen.* Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy.*
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to you Highneſs.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the River we'll encamp our ſelves;
And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* French *Camp near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable of France, the *Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of *Europe.*

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of *Orleans*, and my lord high Conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour, ——

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns; *ça, ha! le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus, chez les Narines de feu!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a Hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of *Hermes.*

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is is a beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call beaſts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the

the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea: turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Sovereign to reaſon on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of nature* ———

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me, well; —— which is the preſcript praiſe, and perfection, of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Methought, yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Troſſers. (18)

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

(18) *Like a* Kerne *of* Ireland, *your* French *hoſe off, and in your ſtrait* Stroſſers.] Thus all the Editions have miſtaken this Word, which ſhould be *Troſſers*; and ſignifies, a pair of Breeches. The *French* call, to truſs or pack up, *troſſer*; whether our Word, *Trowſers*, be deriv'd from thence, I am not certain: But, by *ſtrait* Troſſers, our Poet humorouſly means, *femoribus denudatis*; for the *Kernes* of *Ireland* wear no Breeches, any more than the *Scotch-Highlanders* do.

Dau.

Dau. I tell thee, Conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord Conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhou'd be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *Engliſh* priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go your ſelf to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow: he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil!*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor *Harry* of *England!* he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any in-

tellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhreudly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o' clock; but (let me ſee) by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battel ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents.
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſie hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And (the third hour of drouſie morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*
For the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;

And

And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
Behold, (as may unworthineſs define) (19)
A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly:

(19) ——————— *Fear, that mean and gentle all Beheld, (as may,* &c.] As this ſtood, it was a moſt perplex'd and nonſenſical Paſſage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The Poet, firſt, expatiates on the real Influence that *Harry*'s Eye had on his Camp: and then addreſſing himſelf to every Degree of his Audience, he tells them; he'll ſhew (as well as his unworthy Pen and Powers can deſcribe it) a little Touch, or Sketch of this Hero in the Night: a faint Reſemblance of that Chearfulneſs and Reſolution which this brave Prince expreſs'd in himſelf, and inſpired in his Followers.

Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp*, *at* Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford *and* Glouceſter.

King HENRY.

GLou'ſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhou'd our courage be.
Good morrow, brother *Bedford:* God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France*.
Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.
K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break

Break up their drowſie grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas:* brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England:*
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry!*
[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va là?

K. Henry. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Henry. Even ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh* crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welſhman.*

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

K. Henry. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. *David*'s day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then! ———

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower, *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.* ———

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer; it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pompey*'s camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an Aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welſhman.*

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams.

Williams. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.*

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet, he ſhou'd: for tho' I ſpeak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: the Violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. Henry. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhou'd ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. Henry. So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of mony, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed, for before breach

breach of the King's laws, in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have born life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they dye unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. *Henry.* I my self heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight chearfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. *Henry.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather: you'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry.* There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

Manet King Henry.

K. *Henry.* Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That privates men enjoy? and what have Kings,
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save gen'ral ceremony? ———
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? (20)

O

(20) *What are thy* Rents? *What are thy* Comings-in?
O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy Worth:
What! is thy Soul of *Adoration?*] Thus is the laſt Line given us, and the Nonſenſe of it made worſe by the ridiculous Pointing. Let us examine, how the Context ſtands with my Emenda-

O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What is thy toll, O adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave:
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,

Emendation. What are thy *Rents*? What are thy *Comings-in*? What is thy *Worth*? What is thy *Toll*? ——— (i. e. the *Duties*, and *Impoſts*, thou receiveſt;) All here is conſonant, and agreeable to a ſenſible Exclamation, Mr. *Warburton*.

Winding

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your Nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Henry. Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. *Henry.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now (21)
The sense of reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. —— Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for *Richard*'s soul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,

(21) —— *take from them, now*
The Sense of reck'ning of th' opposed Numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them.] Thus the first *folio* reads and points this Passage. The Poet might intend, "Take from "them the Sense of reckoning those opposed Numbers; *which* "might pluck their Courage from them." But the *relative* not being express'd, the Sense is very obscure; and the following Verb seems a Petition, in the Imperative Mood. The slight Correction I have given, makes it clear and easy.

Since

Since that my penitence comes after call, (22)
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.

K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. THE Sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. Montez Cheval: my horſe, *valet*, *lacquay:* ha!

Orl. O brave ſpirit!

Dau. Via! —— *les eaux & la terre.* ——

Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu. ——

Dau. Ciel! Couſin *Orleans.* ——

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,

(22) *Since that my Penitence comes after* all,
Imploring pardon.] We muſt obſerve, that *Henry* IV. had committed an Injuſtice, of which he and his *Son* reap'd the Fruits. But Juſtice and right Reaſon tell us, that they, who ſhare the Profits of Iniquity, ſhall ſhare likewiſe in the Puniſhment. Scripture again tells us, that, when Men have ſinn'd, the Grace of God gives frequent Invitations to Repentance; which, in Scripture-language, are ſtyled *Calls*. Theſe, if they have been careleſsly dallied with, and neglected, are at length irrecoverably withdrawn; and then Repentance comes too late. This, I hope, will ſufficiently vouch for my Emendation, and explain what the Poet would make the King ſay.

Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And daunt them with superfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The *English* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To horse! you gallant Princes, strait to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain;
That our *French* gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of *France?*
Yon Island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are set loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty bever peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With

With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bitt
Lies foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs:
And their executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit it ſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews it ſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſutes,
And give their faſting Horſes provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away!
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *CAMP.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all the Hoſt*; Saliſbury *and* Weſtmorland:

Glou. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble lord of *Bedford*,
My dear lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed.

Bed. Farewel, good *Saliſbury*, and good luck go with thee! (23)

Exe. [to *Sal.*] Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O, that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to day!

K. Henry. What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* no, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, faith, my lord, wiſh not a man from *England*:
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,

(23) Bed. *Farewel, good* Saliſbury, *and good Luck go with thee,*
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm Truth of Valour.
Exe. *Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.*]
What! does he do *Saliſbury* Wrong, to wiſh him good Luck? Can any Thing be more ridiculous than to ſay ſo? The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* preſcrib'd to me the Tranſpoſition of the Verſes, which I have made in the Text; and the old Quarto's plainly lead to ſuch a Regulation.

For

For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it *(Weſtmorland)* through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſsport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian:*
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!
K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*, cousin?
West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!
K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men:
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured over-throw:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?
Mount. The constable of *France*.
K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghils,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.

Mark

Mark then a bounding valour in our *Engliſh*: (24)
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt;
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly:)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers' heads;
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall, King *Harry:* and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for Ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

(24) *Mark then* abounding *Valour in our* Engliſh:] Thus the Old *Folio's*. The Quarto's, more erroneouſly ſtill,

Mark then abundant——

Mr. *Pope* degraded the Paſſage in both his Editions, becauſe, I preſume, he did not underſtand it. I corrected it ſome time ago in Print, as I have now reform'd the Text, and the Alluſion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the Revival of the *Engliſh* Valour to the *rebounding* of a Cannon-ball.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*; now, soldiers, march away.
And how thou pleaseſt, God, diſpoſe the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Field of Battle.*

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *ſoldier, and boy.*

Piſt. YIELD, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Piſt. Quality, calmy, cuſture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Piſt. O, Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez miſericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, Boy; ask me this ſlave in *French*,
What is his name?

Boy. *Eſcoutez, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Piſt.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him, my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux qui je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, les plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Signeur d'Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex.* Piſt. *and Fr. Sol.* I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; but the ſaying is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any

any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*
Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu.
Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A short alarm.*
O meschante fortune! ——— do not run away.
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab our selves:
Be these the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die, instant: —Once more back again; (25)
The man, that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than a dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the *English* in our throngs;

(25) *Let us dye,* instant: *Once more back again*;] This Verse, which is quite left out in Mr. *Pope*'s Editions, stands imperfect in the first *Folio*. By the Addition of a Syllable, I think, I have retriev'd the Poet's Sense. It is thus in the Old Copy;

Let us die in *once more back again.*

If

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter the King *and his* train, *with priſoners.*

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, " tarry, my couſin *Suffolk*,
" My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n:
" Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt:
" As in this glorious and well-foughten field
" We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays, " dear my lord,
" Commend my ſervice to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound (26)
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark, what new alarum is this same?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms continued; after which, Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expresly against the law of arms; (27) 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery,

(26) *For, hearing this, I must perforce compound*
With mixtfull *Eyes,*] What monster of a Word is this *mixtfull?* The Poet certainly wrote, *mistful:* i. e. just ready to over-run with Tears. The Word he took from his Observation of Nature: for just before Tears burst out, it appears as if there was a Mist before our Eyes. Mr. *Warburton.*

(27) *Kill the Poyes and the luggage! 'tis expresly against the Law of Arms;*] In the Old *Folio's*, the 4th Act is made to begin here. But as the Matter of the *Chorus*, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th Acts, will by no means sort with the *Scenary* that here follows; I have chose to fall in with the other Regulation. Mr. *Pope* gives a Reason, why this Scene should be connective to the preceding Scene, but his Reason, according to Custom, is a mistaken one. *The Words of* Fluellen, (he says) *immediately follow those of the King just before.* The King's last Words, at his going off, were;

Then ev'ry Soldier kill his Prisoners:
Give the Word through.

Now Mr. *Pope* must very accurately suppose, that *Fluellen* overhears this: and that by replying, *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage! 'tis expresly against the Law of Arms;*——he is condemning the King's Order, as against martial Discipline. But this is a most absurd Supposition. *Fluellen* neither overhears, nor replys to, what the King had said: nor has *kill the Poyes and the Luggage* any reference to the Soldier's killing their Prisoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no *Interval* of an *Act* here,) there must be some little Pause betwixt the King's going off, and *Fluellen's* Entring: (and therefore I have said, *Alarms continued;*)

Knavery, mark you now, as can be desir'd in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily has caus'd ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld: I warrant, that you sall find, in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situasions, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is also moreover a river at *Monmouth:* it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one,

nued;) for we find by *Gower*'s first Speech, that the Soldiers had already cut their Prisoners Throats, which requir'd some time to do. The Matter is this. The Baggage, during the Battle, (as K. *Henry* had no Men to spare,) was guarded only by Boys and Lacqueys; which some *French* Run-aways getting notice of, they came down upon the *English* Camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plunder'd and burn'd the Baggage: in Resentment of which Villany it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted Lenity, order'd all Prisoners Throats to be cut. And to this Villany of the *French* Run-aways *Fluellen* is alluding, when he says, *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage.* The Fact is set out, (as Mr. *Pope* might have observed) both by *Hall* and *Hollingshead.*

'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations; and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. I speak but in figures, and comparisons of it: as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; so also *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with* Bourbon *and other prisoners; Lords and Attendants. Flourish.*

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to *France*,
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old *Assyrian* slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe, the while!)
Lie drown'd, and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe, your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavee*'s day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Henry. God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him;
[*Exeunt Heralds, with* Mountjoy.
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. —— Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Wil. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Engliſhman?*

Wil. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant

rant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Wil. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Wil. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once, an pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. Henry. Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. My lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it my ſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick:*
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;

And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and see, there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before K.* Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Wil. I Warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, in *France* or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanson*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty ——

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. Now now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that look

look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove, which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon*.

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſie, knave it is. I hope, your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Henry. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Wil. All offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. Henry. It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Wil. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelf; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your Highneſs, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of

prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your mony.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhoes is not ſo good; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now, *Herald*, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French*.

K. Henry. What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King; *John* Duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bouchiqualt*:
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles, that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord *Rambures*;
Great maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*: Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale*.

Here

Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?
Exe. Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.
K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and ev'n play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.
Exe. 'Tis wonderful!
K. Henry. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?
K. Henry. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.
Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.
K. Henry. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*:
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men. [*Exe.*

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things;
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais*: grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea;
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London*.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath*:
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him through the city, he forbids it;
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens:
The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæsar* in.
As by a low, but loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more (and much more cause)
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s Stay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
There must we bring him; and my self have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you, 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to *France*.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

GOWER.

NAY, that's right; but why wear you your Leek to day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave, *Piſtol*, which you and your ſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek. It was a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap, 'till I ſee him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you, aunchient *Piſtol*; you ſcurvy lowſie knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: becauſe look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it —[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate, four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of questions too and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear ———

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will

will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* cudgel; you find 'tis otherwise; and henceforth let a *Welsh* correction teach you a good *English* condition: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn;
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand:
To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear, I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* French *Court, at* Trois *in* Champaigne.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Isabel, *Princess* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. Henry. PEace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes,
To our most fair and princely cousin *Catharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
And, Princes *French*, and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Most worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are you, Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the Issue, brother *England*,

Of

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſilisks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Iſa. You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of *France*, and *England*. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my Office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart, (28)
Unpruned lyes; her edges even pleach'd,
Like priſoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter ruſts,

(28) *Her vine* ——— *Unpruned* dies:] We muſt read, as Mr *Warburton* intimated to me, *lies*: For neglect of pruning does not kill the Vine, but cauſes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requiſite Nouriſhment is withdrawn from its Fruit.

That

That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even Mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs. (29)
Even ſo our houſes, and our ſelves and children
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences, that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, (as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies;
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. Henry. Well, then; the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lyes in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T'appoint ſome of your council preſently

(29) *Defective in their* Natures, *grow to wildneſs.*] Quite contrary; they were not defective, but exuberant in their Natures, and creſcive Faculty: only, wanting their due Cultivation, they degenerated. We muſt therefore read, *Nurtures.*

Mr. *Warburton.*

To

To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly (30)
Paſs, or accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. Henry. Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free Pow'r to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our Demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When Articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our couſin *Catharine* here with us.
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady.*

K. Henry. Fair *Catharine*, moſt fair.
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England*.

K. Henry. O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell what is *like me*.

(30) ——— *we will ſuddenly*
Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer.*] As the *French* King deſires more Time to conſider deliberately of the Articles, 'tis odd and abſurd for him to ſay abſolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly muſt mean, that he would at once *waive* and *decline* what he diſlik'd, and conſign to ſuch as he approv'd of. Our Author uſes *paſs* in this manner, in other places. Mr. *Warburton.*

K. Henry.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit il.*

K. Henry. I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. Henry. The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* Woman. I'faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife: Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier;

ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into ladies' favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of *France?*

K. Henry. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. Henry. No, *Kate?* I will tell thee in *French*, (which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off) *quand j' ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moi* let me ſee, what then? St. *Dennis* be my ſpeed!) *donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French:* I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Henry.

K. Henry. No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh?* canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ſaving faith within me, tells me, thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King and a batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. Henry. Now, fie upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour, in true *Engliſh* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them: but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at

the

the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. Henry. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d' une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſels pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of *France*; I cannot tell, what is *baiſſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. Henry. To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Henry. Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement.*

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty, that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours,

yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* Council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* English *Lords.*

Burg. God save your Majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our Princess *English?*

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English.*

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the flie your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. Henry. I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. Henry. Is't ſo, my lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France*, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French: noſtre tres cher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France:* and thus in *Latin*; *Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me; that theſe contending Kingdoms,
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord

In

In their ſweet breaſts; that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. Henry. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. Iſa. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there, 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms, (31)
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be!

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable, pen
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory,
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his ſword;

(31) *Thruſt in between the* paſſion *of theſe Kingdoms*] The old Folio's have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the Author's Word was *paction*; a Word, more proper on the occaſion of a Peace ſtruck up. A Paſſion of two Kingdoms for one another, is an odd Expreſſion. An Amity and political Harmony may be fix'd betwixt two Countries, and yet either People be far from having a Paſſion for the other.

By

By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i' th' managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

THE

H Gravelot in Vol: 4. P. 385. G Vdr Gucht Sculp

THE

FIRST PART

OF

K. *HENRY* VIth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Glouceſter, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beauford, *Biſhop of* Winchester, *and Uncle likewiſe to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterward, Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Sir John Faſtolfe.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glanſdale.
Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the* White Roſe, *or* York *Faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red Roſe, *or* Lancaſter *Faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter-Gunner of Orleans.
Boy, his Son.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heaven, and ſetting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the Engliſh *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

The

The First Part of (1) King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, Westminster-*Abbey*.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Gloucester, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *and the Duke of* Somerset.

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto *Henry*'s death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England

(1) *The* first *Part of K.* HENRY VI.] The Historical Transactions, contain'd in this Play, take in the Compass of above thirty Years, I must observe, however, that our Author, in the

England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glou. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with its beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a Dragon's wings:
His ſparkling eyes, repleat with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He never lifted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend:
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and ſorc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſe have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought;
The church's pray'rs made him ſo proſperous.

Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom, like a School-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. *Glo'ſter*, whate'er we like, thou art Protector.
And lookeſt to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;

three Parts of K. *Henry* VI. has not been very preciſe to the Date and Diſpoſition of his Facts; but frequently ſhuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of Time.

An

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Inſtead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry*'s dead!
Poſterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moiſt eyes babes ſhall ſuck;
Our iſle be made a nourice of ſalt tears, (2)
And none but women left to wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than *Julius Cæſar*, or bright———

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guyſors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite loſt.

Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s coarſe?
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.

Glou. Is *Paris* loſt, and *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?

Meſſ. No treachery, but want of men and mony.
Amongſt the ſoldiers this is muttered,

(2) *Our Iſle be made a* Mariſh *of ſalt Tears,*] Thus it is in both the Impreſſions by Mr. *Pope*: upon what Authority, I cannot ſay. All the old Copies read, a *Nouriſh*: and conſidering it is ſaid in the Line immediately preceding, that Babes ſhall ſuck at their Mothers moiſt Eyes, it ſeems very probable that our Author wrote, a *Nourice*: i. e. that the whole Iſle ſhould be one common *Nurſe*, or *Nouriſher*, of Tears: and thoſe be the Nouriſhment of its miſerable Iſſue.

That here you maintain sev'ral factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *English* nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your Arms,
Of *England*'s Coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,
The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,
The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all flie to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.*

3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful lord
Retiring from the ſiege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon.
No leiſure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluckt out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly;
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew,
The *French* exclaim'd, "The devil was in arms!
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle,
Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir *John Faſtolfe* had not play'd the coward; (3)
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroak.
Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their enemies.
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,

(3) *If Sir* John Falſtaffe] Mr. *Pope* has taken Notice, in a Note upon the third Act of this Play, "That *Falſtaff* is here "introduc'd again, who was dead in *Henry* V; the Occaſion whereof is, that this Play was written before *Henry* IV, or "*Henry* V." This ſeems to me but an idle piece of Criticiſm. It is the Hiſtorical Sir *John Faſtolfe*, (for ſo he is call'd by both our Chroniclers) that is here mention'd; who was a Lieutenant-General in the Wars with *France*, Deputy Regent to the Duke of *Bedford* in *Normandy*, and a *Knight* of the *Garter:* and not the *Comic* Character afterwards introduced by our Author; and which was a Creature merely of his own Brain.

Thrust *Talbot* with a spear into the back;
Whom all *France* with her chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford*;
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His Crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd;
The *English* army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny;
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.

Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Gloucester.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out: for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And fit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *before* Orleans *in* France.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a drum and Soldiers.*

Char. MARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late, did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye near *Orleans:*
Tho' ſtill the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-beeves;
Either they muſt be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths;
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raiſe the ſiege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall;
Nor men, nor mony, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, ſound alarum: we will ruſh on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French:*
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here alarm, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh *with great loſs.*

Re-enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life,
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. Froyſard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,

During the time *Edward* the Third did reign :
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but *Sampſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It'ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh ; one to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals ! who would e'er ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity !

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think, by ſome odd gimmals or device
Their arms are ſet like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on ;
Elſe they could ne'er hold out ſo as they do :
By my conſent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

Dau. Baſtard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your chear appal'd,
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand :
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a viſion, ſent to her from heav'n,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege ;
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*.
The ſpirit of deep prophecie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome* :
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in ? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go call her in ; but firſt, to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place ;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern :
By this means ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats ?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me ?
Where

Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never seen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.
In compleat glory she reveal'd her self;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each side;
The which, at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*;
And fightest with the sword of *Debora*.

Pucel.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alan. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?
Pucel. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, for I'll be your guard.
Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the *English* circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?

Alan.

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Preſently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe proves falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Tower-*gates*, *in* London.

Enter Glouceſter, *with his Serving-men.*

Glou. I AM this day come to ſurvey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry*'s death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Glouceſter*, that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh ſo imperiouſly?
1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Glouceſter*.
2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him;
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.
Glou. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

Glouceſter's *men ruſh at the* Tower-*gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Glo'ſter*, that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids;
From him I have expreſs commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burſt them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter

Enter to the Protector at the Tower-*gates,* Winchester *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphry,* what means this? (4)

Glou. Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;
I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damascus,* be thou cursed *Cain,*
To slay thy brother *Abel,* if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do, what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In spight of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Glo'ster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. Winchester Goose! I cry, a rope, a rope.

(4) *How now, ambitious* umpire, *what means this?* This Reading has obtain'd in all the Editions since the 2d *Folio.* The first *Folio* has it, *Umpheir.* It is observable that, in both, the Word is distinguish'd in *Italicks.* But why, *Umpire?* Or of What? *Gloucester* was Protector of the Realm in the King's Minority, but not an Umpire in any particular Matter that we know of. The Traces of the Letters, and the Word being printed originally in *Italicks,* convince me, that the Duke's Christian Name lurk'd under this Corruption. I have therefore ventur'd to restore it in the Text: and *Gloucester* is not so seldom as fifty times call'd *Humphry* in this and the succeeding Play.

Now

Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee, I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here Glouceſter's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!
Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.
Win. Here's *Glo'ceſter* too, a foe to citizens,
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines,
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.
Glou. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmiſh again.*
Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canſt.

All manner of men aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highneſs's name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places, and not wear, handle, or uſe any ſword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon pain of Death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we ſhall meet, and tell our minds at large.
Win. *Glo'ſter*, we'll meet to thy dear coſt, be ſure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewel: thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.
Win. Abominable *Glo'ſter*, guard thy head,

For

For I intend to have it, ere be long. [*Exeunt.*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I my self fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Orleans *in* France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. SIRRAH, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
The *English*, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Went thro' a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
For I can stay no longer,———
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot *on the turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of *Bedford* had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*.
For him was I exchang'd, and ransomed.

But

But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be ſo vile eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.
But, oh! the treach'rous *Faſtolfe* wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick ſpectacle to all.
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the *French*;
The ſcare-crow, that affrights our children ſo.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great a fear my name amongſt them ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel;
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, *with a Linſtock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in *Orleans:*
Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify:
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,

Or

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot, and* Salisbury *falls down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, *Salisbury?* tho' thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.
O *Salisb'ry*, chear thy spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not die, while ——
—— He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and, *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.

[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumults in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here* Salisbury *lifteth himself up, and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan!

It

It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Pucelle or *Puffel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog-fiſh*,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarum. Exeunt, bearing* Salisbury *and* Sir Thomas Gargrave *out.*

Here an alarm again; and Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our *Engliſh* troops retire, I cannot ſtay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, ſhe comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And ſtraitway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.
Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that muſt diſgrace thee. [*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.
Pucel. Talbot, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go victual *Orleans* forthwith.
[*A ſhort alarum. Then enter the town with ſoldiers.*
O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts.
So Bees with ſmoak, and Doves with noiſom ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driv'n away.

They

They call'd us for our fierceneſs *Engliſh* dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.
[*A ſhort alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England*'s Coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give Sheep in Lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.
[*Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisbury*'s death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In ſpight of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with *Salisbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* Talbot.
[*Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.*

Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis*' Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets;
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.
Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my Crown with her;
And all the prieſts and friars in my realm

Shall

Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis*' ever was!
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*, (5)
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before ORLEANS.*

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet bed)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach the regions of *Artois*,

(5) ——— *Coffer of* Darius] When *Alexander* the Great took the City *Gaza*, the Metropolis of *Syria*, amidſt the other Spoils and Wealth of *Darius* treaſur'd up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little Cheſt, or Casket. Having ſurvey'd the ſingular Rarity of it, and ask'd thoſe about him what they thought fitteſt to be laid up in it; when they had ſeverally deliver'd their Opinions, he told them, He eſteem'd nothing ſo worthy to be preſerv'd in it as *Homer*'s *Iliads*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexand. Magni*. *Wal.*

Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France!* how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arms' fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid? and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long!
If underneath the standard of the *French*
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury!* for thee, and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make assault.

[*The* English, *scaling the Walls, cry*, *St.* George! *A* Talbot!

The French *leap o'er the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard,* Alanson, Reignier, *half ready and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;

Hearing

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alan. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, sure, favour him.

Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Bast. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loss might be ten times as much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers, had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for my self, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and disperst,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *within the Walls of* Orleans.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! *they fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sol. I'LL be so bold to take what they have left:
The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul:
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*;
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull:
When, arm in arm, they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,

That

That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France?*

Talbot. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of *Auvergne*,
With modesty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor Castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n so? nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport;
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Countess of* Auvergne's *Castle.*

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

Count. PORter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot* so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false.
I thought, I should have seen some *Hercules*;
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [goes.
Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whither he
Mess. Stay, my lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years

Wasted

Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha. [to moan.
Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn
Tal. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have aught but *Talbot*'s ſhadow
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drums ſtrike up; a peal of Ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns;
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For, I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,

But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* London, *in the* Temple *garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plant. GReat lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe with *Plantagenet.*

Suf. I pluck this red roſe with young *Somerſet,*
And ſay withal, I think, he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good maſter *Vernon,* it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red;
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the ſide, where ſtill I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?

Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerſet.
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.

Plan. Now, *Somerſet,* where is your argument?

Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No, *Plantagenet,*
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our Roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy Roſe a canker, *Somerſet?*

Som. Hath not thy Rose a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falshood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.
Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy Faction, peevish boy. (6)
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool!*
We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, *Somerset.*
His grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third son to the third *Edward* King of *England:*
Spring crestless Yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treason headed in our late King's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

(6) *I scorn thee and thy* passion, *peevish boy.*] The old Copies read, *Fashion:* which the Epithet *peevish*, I presume, indue'd Mr. *Pope* to change into *Passion*. But I dare say, I have restor'd the true Word, *Faction:* i. e. I scorn thee, and those that uphold thee. *Somerset* had said but just before,

Well, I'll find Friends *to wear my bleeding Roses.*

And *Plantagenet* says a little after;

——— *this pale and angry Rose*
Will I for ever and my Faction *wear*;

Besides, if *Faction* were not the true Reading, why should *Suffolk* immediately reply,

Turn not thy Scorns this way, Plantagenet.

And

And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pool*, and you your self,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this reprehension; (7)
Look to it well, and say, you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes:
For these my friends, in spight of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, *Pool:* farewel, ambitious *Richard.* [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie; this brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master *Vernon*, I am bound to you;
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.

(7) *To scourge you for this* Apprehension.] Tho' this Word possesses all the Copies, I am persuaded, it did not come from the Author. I have ventur'd to read, *Reprehension:* and *Plantagenet* means, that *Somerset* had *reprehended* or reproach'd him with his Father, the Earl of *Cambridge*'s, Treason.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Prison.*

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and jailors.*

Mor. KIND keepers of my weak decaying age, (8)
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsom sequestration have I had;
And, ev'n since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,

(8) This *Edmund Mortimer*, when K. *Richard* II. set out upon his fatal *Irish* Expedition, was declared by that Prince Heir Apparent to the Crown: for which Reason K. *Henry* IV. and V. took care to keep him in Prison during their whole Reigns.

Just

Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence.
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my lateſt gaſp.
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks;
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from *York*'s great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay, of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm,
And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which terms he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance' ſake, declare the cauſe
My father Earl of *Cambridge* loſt his head.
Mor. This cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathſome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Plan. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot gueſs.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit;
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his couſin *Richard*, *Edward*'s ſon;
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that deſcent.
During whoſe reign the *Percies* of the north,

Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the Fourth of that heroick Line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir;
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was;)
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-install me in the Diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title rested, were suppress.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick:
Strong-fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor.

Mor. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught'rer
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewel; and fair befal thy hopes, (9)
And proſp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-paſt thy days.
Well; I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I my ſelf
Will ſee his burial better than his life.
Here dies the duſky torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not but with honour to redreſs.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my Ill th' advantage of my Good. (10) [*Exit.*

(9) ——— *and fair* be all *thy Hopes,*] *Mortimer* knew *Plantagenet*'s Hopes were fair, but that the Eſtabliſhment of the *Lancaſtrian* Line diſappointed them: ſure, he would wiſh, that his Nephew's fair Hopes might have a fair Iſſue; and this the Reſtitution of a ſingle Letter, which might eaſily have dropt out at Preſs, will give us; as, I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote;

——— *and fair* befal *thy Hopes!*

(10) *Or make my* Will *th' Advantage of my Good.*] So all the printed Copies: but with very little regard to the Poet's Meaning. What was *Plantagenet's Will*, but to be reſtor'd to his Blood? The Conjunction disjunctive therefore here is abſurd and ungrammatical. Beſides, I dare ſay, a *Contraſt* was deſign'd in the Terms, which is loſt by the Corruption of the Text. I reſtore, only throwing out a ſingle Letter,

Or make my Ill *th' Advantage of my Good.*

Thus we recover the *Antitheſis* of the Expreſſion; and the disjunctive becomes proper and neceſſary to the Meaning. "Either "I will procure the Honours of my Blood to be reſtor'd; or my "*Misfortune*, my Hardſhip in being refuſed this, ſhall at leaſt "gain me Friends, and turn to my Advantage."

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the PARLIAMENT.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet; Glouceſter *offers to put up a Bill:* Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, if thou can'ſt accuſe,
Or aught intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object. [patience;
Glou. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my
Or thou ſhould'ſt find, thou haſt diſhonour'd me,
Think not, altho' in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outragious crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy leud, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London-bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. Glo'ſter, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.

If

If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf? but keep my wonted Calling.
And for diſſention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good lords, it is not That offends;
It is not That, which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And That engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good———

Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſawcy prieſt?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſes it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ſter!*

Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This *Rome* ſhall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, ſee, the Biſhop be not over-born:

Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious;
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.

War. Methinks, his lordſhip ſhould be humbler then,
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.

War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;
Leſt it be ſaid, 'Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;
'Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter.*

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ſter,* and of *Wincheſter,*
The ſpecial watchmen of our *Engliſh* weal;

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such noble peers, as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the Common-wealth.

[*A noise within*; Down with the tawny coats.

K. Henry. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the Bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Bishop and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, in Skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil;
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the Common-weal,
To be disgraced by an Inkhorn mate;

We,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight:
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.
1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glou. Stay, ſtay, I ſay;
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear awhile.
K. Henry. O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!
Can you, my lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord Protector, yield: yield, *Wincheſter*;
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Sovereign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee, what miſchief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Glou. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop;
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern and tragical?
Glou. Here, *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle *Beauford:* I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?
War. Sweet King! the Biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For ſhame, my lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.
Glou. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt our ſelves, and all our followers:

So

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Henry. O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ster*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll see what physick the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt.*

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majesty. [Prince,

Glou. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick*; For, sweet
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right:
Especially, for those occasions
At *Eltham*-place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his blood,

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his blood,
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of *York*;
From whence you spring by lineal Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And faithful service, till the point of death. [foot.

K. Henry. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York!* [*Aside.*

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty

To

To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in *France:*
The preſence of a King engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects and his loyal friends,
As it diſanimates his enemies. [goes;
K. Henry. When *Glo'ſter* ſays the word, King *Henry*
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue;
This late diſſention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love;
And will at laſt break out into a flame.
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away;
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of ev'ry ſucking babe;
That *Henry*, born at *Monmouth*, ſhould win all;
And *Henry*, born at *Windſor*, ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Roan *in* France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *diſguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. THeſe are the city-gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather mony for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we ſhall;)
And that we find the ſlothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends;
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.
Sol. Our Sacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Watch. *Qui va là?*

Pucel.

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.
Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanson.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan.*
Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites.*
Bast. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, The *Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the Watch.
[*An Alarm*; Talbot *in an Excursion.*
Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares;
That hardly we escap'd the prize of *France.* (11) [*Ex. An*

(11) *That hardly we escap'd the* Pride *of* France.] All the Copies concur in this reading: but it seems to be an absurd and unmeaning one. The best Construction, that can arise from *escaping the Pride of* France, is, *escaping the proud* French: which would come very improperly from *Talbot*'s Mouth. I have

An alarm: Excurſions. Bedford *brought in, ſick, in a chair. Enter* Talbot *and* Burgundy, *without*; *within,* Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin, Baſtard, and* Reignier, *on the walls.*

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs curtizan!
I truſt, ere long to choak thee with thine own;
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
Dau. Your Grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a-tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardiſe a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with his ſhame.
Pucel. Are you ſo hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy Peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whiſper together in counſel.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alan. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang: —— baſe muleteers of *France!*
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

have ventur'd to ſuppoſe, our Author wrote, the *Prize*: i. e. We hardly eſcap'd being *ſeiz'd* by, becoming the Prize of the *French*. So likewiſe in the *French* Tongue, *la Priſe* ſignifies the *ſeizure*, or *apprehending* of any thing, as well as the Thing *ſeized*.

And

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbot*'s greatest fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy House,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was Conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion*'s heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford:* come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place;
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts;
Because I ever found them as my self.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* safe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy. [*Exit.*

An Alarum: excursions: Enter Sir John Fastolfe, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Fastolfe*, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save my self by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord *Talbot?*

Fast.

Faſt. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life.
[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heav'n ſhall pleaſe;
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE, *within the walls of* Roan.

An Alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

Tal. LOST and recover'd in a day again?
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet, heav'ns have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as Valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old Familiar is aſleep.
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief;
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lyes.

Burg. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alanſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this accident,

No,

Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while;
And, like a Peacock, sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair persuasions mixt with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do That,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor shall that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* English *March.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spread,
And all the troops of *English* after him. [French *March.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his:
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy.*——
Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*

Pucel.

Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman. [hence.

Burg. What sayst thou, *Charles?* for I am marching

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France!*
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
And see the cities, and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes;
See, see the pining malady of *France*.
Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thy self hast giv'n her woful breast.
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt; and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee;
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of Ill;
Who then but *English Henry* will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid;
In spight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen;
And join'st with them, will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg.

Burg. I'm vanquished. These haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen;
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel, *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done, like a *Frenchman:* turn, and turn again!--

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them* Talbot, *with his ſoldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem;)
Lets fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet:
And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France?*

Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father ſaid,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.

Long

Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted your reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe 'till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore ſtand up, and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of *York*;
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſawcy tongue
Againſt my lord, the Duke of *Somerſet*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death;
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *PARIS.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

LORD Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.

Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, Governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;

My

My ſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Talbot. When firſt this Order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to Credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt honourable Order;
And ſhould, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood. [doom;

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death. [*Exit* Faſt.
And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King*: [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Portend ſome alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe,* [Reads.
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monſtrous treachery! can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then, lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
My lord, how say you, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him strait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

Enter Vernon, *and* Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine; sweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;

With

With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he ſeem with forged quaint conceit
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet, know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleneſs of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

K. Henry. Good lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men!
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe!
Good couſins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet your ſelves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt our ſelves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerſet*.

Ver. Nay, let it reſt, where it began at firſt.

Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it ſo? confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate;
Preſumptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the King, and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverſe objections:
Much leſs to take occaſion from their mouths
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelves:
Let me perſuade you, take a better courſe.

Exe. It grieves his Highneſs: good my lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither you, that would be combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords; remember where we are;
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within our selves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful Disobedience, and Rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers and chief Nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*?
O, think upon the Conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more encline to *Somerset*, than *York*.
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of *York*, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of *France*:
And, good my lord of *Somerset*, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Our self, my lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that trait'rous rout.

[*Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My lord of *York*, I promise you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerset*.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wis, he did.—But let it rest; (12)
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, *Richard*, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
More rancrous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in childrens' hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets and drum.*

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds*

(12) *And if I* wish *be did.*] Thus the Editions have slightly corrupted this Passage. By the Pointing reform'd, and a single Letter expung'd, I have restor'd the Text to its Purity. *And, if I wis, be did.*——The Sense is this. *Warwick* had said, the King meant no harm in wearing *Somerset*'s Rose: to which *York* testily replies; "Nay, if I think right, or know any thing of "the Matter, he did think harm."

Enter General, aloft.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England*;
And thus he would. —— Open your city gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terrour, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd;
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress:
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil;
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,

Sings

Sings heavy muſick to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not: I hear the enemy:
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England*'s tim'rous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *Engliſh* Deer, be then in blood;
Not raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſp'rate Stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England*'s right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Part of* France.

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. *Enter* York, *with trumpet, and many ſoldiers.*

York. ARE not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *English* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*;
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord!

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John!* whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel; no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe; I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The Conqueſts of our ſcarce-cold Conqueror;
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!—While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *another Part of* France.

Enter Somerset, *with his army.*

Som. IT is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too rashly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desp'rate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord *Talbot:*
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerset*,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue;
You, his false hopes, the trust of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours, that should lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Bastard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanson, *Reignier*, compass him about;
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent, and had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.
Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.
Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straite:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Field of Battle near* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *and his son.*

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill boading stars!
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.
John. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me.
The world will say, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That basely fled, when noble *Talbot* stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;

My

My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will ſwear:
But if I bow, they'll ſay, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; ſhall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.

John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.

John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can your ſelf your ſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: excurſions, wherein Talbot's *ſon is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s ſword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pauſe, and take thy breath;

I

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanson*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first Fight, I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave boy —
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to day die not with *Frenchmens'* rage,
To morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and, if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

Out

Out on that vantage bought with such a shame, (13)
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of *France*,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot, *led.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot*'s valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me;
And, like a hungry Lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start,
Into the clustring battle of the *French:*
And, in that sea of blood, my boy did drench

(13) *On that advantage, bought with such a Shame,*
To save a paltry life; and slay bright Fame!
Before young Talbot *from old* Talbot *fly,*
The Coward horse, that bears me, fall and dye.]
This passage seems to lie obscure, and disjointed. Neither the Grammar is to be justified; nor is the Sentiment better. I have ventur'd at a slight Alteration, which departs so little from the Reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the Sense, as well as takes away the Obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores the Author's Meaning,

His

His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus!* my bloſſom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, *borne.*

Serv. O my dear lord! lo! where your ſon is borne.
Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbot's* winged through the lither ſky,
In thy deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.
O thou, whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
"Had death been *French*, then death had died to day."
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave. [*Dies.*

ACT V.

SCENE *continues near* Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard and* Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmens'* blood!
Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
"Thou

" Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid."
But with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: " Young *Talbot* was not born
" To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the Bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble Knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.

Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.

Char. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage are thou ſent?

Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word,
We *Engliſh* warriors wot not, what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For priſoners ask'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a ſilly, ſtately, ſtile, indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.
Him that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,

Stink-

Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens'* only scourge,
Your kingdom's terrour and black *Nemesis?*
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France!*
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this Upstart is old *Talbot's* ghost;
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrifie the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phœnix, that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris*, in this conq'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* England.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac?*

Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France.*

K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on ev'ry side.

K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,

That

That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign ameng professors of one Faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Winchester, *and three Ambassadors.*

Ex. What, is my lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive That will be verify'd,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie:
" If once he come to be a Cardinal,
" He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown."

K. Henry. My lords Ambassadors, your sev'ral suits
Have been consider'd and debated on;
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large;
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend She shall be *England*'s Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King *and Train.*

Win. Stay, my lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.
Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.
Humphry of *Glo'ster*, thou shalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanson, *Bastard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. THESE news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.
Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Pow'rs in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Scout. The *English* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.
Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Burg. I trust, the ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the Conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:

Let

Let *Henry* fret and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords; and *France* be fortunate.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming Spells and Periapts;
And, ye choice Spirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents; [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and ſpeak not.*
Oh, hold me not with ſilence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? my body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my ſoul; my body, ſoul and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.
[*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excur-

Excursions. Pucelle *und* York *fight hand to hand.*
Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of *France*, I think, I have you fast.
Unchain your spirits now with spelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's Grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape, but his, can please your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! inchantress, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter* Suffolk, *with Lady* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.
Mar. *Margaret*, my name; and daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*; whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy cignets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, stay! I have no pow'r to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says, no,
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a tryal of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would, that you would answer me,
Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And Peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor;
And our Nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courtesie. [*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my ——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's castle-walls,
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound. *Enter* Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,

Thy

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy princely Warrant I descend;
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy Coming.

Trumpets sound. *Enter* Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou*, what your Honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be *Henry*'s, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a King.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewel, *Reignier*; set this diamond safe
In golden Palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my lord: good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelf—— I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for my ſelf!—but, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exe.*

Enter York, Warwick, *a ſhepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan!* This kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I ſought ev'ry Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death!
Ah, *Joan*, ſweet daughter, I will die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit miſer! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—my lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother, living yet, can teſtify,
She was the firſt-fruit of my batch'lorſhip.
War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York.

York. This argues, what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.
Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble Birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now curs'd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, curs'd drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.
Pucel. First, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace, that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rig'rously effus'd,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye, Sirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greateſt miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince *Charles* muſt father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanſon* that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alanſon! that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.
Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl; I think, ſhe knows not well,
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.
Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, 'till miſchief and deſpair

Drive

Drive you to break your necks, or hang your ſelves!
[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a gen'ral Peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aſpiring *French*;
And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, gentlemen and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, *Warwick*, *Warwick!* I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace;
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *Baſtard, and* Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by your ſelves,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

York. Speak, *Wincheſter*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my priſon'd voice,
By ſight of theſe our baleful enemies.

Win. *Charles* and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,

Of meer compaſſion and of lenity,
To eaſe your Country of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful Peace;
You ſhall become true liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute and ſubmit thy ſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him;
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a Coronet,
And yet in ſubſtance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

York. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a League;
And now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon?
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your Subjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,

Although

Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside, to the Dauphin.*
War. How say'st thou, *Charles?* shall our Condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty.
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the Crown of *England:*
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England.*
So now dismiss your army, when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* England.

Enter Suffolk, *in Conference with King* Henry; Gloucester, *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. YOUR wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind

She

She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

K. Henry. And otherwiſe will *Henry* ne'er preſume:
Therefore, my lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glou. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my lord, your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another lady of eſteem:
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that Contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds;
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*;
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace;
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.

Glou. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral Dow'r,
While *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A Dow'r, my lords! diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen;
And not to ſeek a Queen, to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Attorneyſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Muſt

Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth Bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen,)
Anſwer our hope in Iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, ſon unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors;
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my lord, to *France*;
Agree to any Covenants; and procure,
That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to *England*; and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thouſand cares.
And you, good Uncle, baniſh all offence:

If

If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exit* Gloucester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
We hope to find the like event in love;
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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